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MEXICO.

VARIOUS reports have recently reached Europe from Mexico, and most of these reports are more or less unfavourable. But they come, in the majority of instances, from New York, and reports about Mexico coming from New York are like reports about VICTOR EMMANUEL in the ecclesiastical circles of Rome. They are simply such statements as Americans at Vera Cruz or Mexico, greedy of all gossip that is adverse to the Empire, choose to write home for publication in papers which trade on what in America is called the Monroe doctrine, and what in Europe is called a blind jealousy of foreigners. These reports are generally either announcements of facts as to which no one can say whether they are true or not, or else announcements of facts true in the main, but filled in with imaginary details. No one in Vera Cruz or Mexico has any means of knowing whether the French have or have not been repulsed at Oajaca. Every one in the country knows that the expenses of the Mexican Government exceed its income, but no one has any basis of calculation which would prove the annual deficit to be four millions sterling. That the French have been repulsed at Oajaca is by no means probable, but it is certain that, unless they had been repulsed in the sense of being absolutely driven away from the place, no one would be permitted to know it, while all accounts coming from the guerrillas themselves are entirely untrustworthy. So far as anything human is certain, it is certain that the French will in the long run take Oajaca. It is the only fortified place in the country which offers a regular opposition, and the French have been very glad to find an opportunity of striking a decisive blow. The Juarists, in a protracted fight, have no chance against the artillery, the resources, and the discipline of the French. But, on the other hand, where no combined and systematic opposition is offered, where a detachment of French soldiers or marines operates against a detached band of guerrillas, it will naturally happen sometimes that the French are taken at a disadvantage and beaten. The vast extent of the country, its wildness, and the savage character of its inhabitants render a large amount of this desultory warfare necessary, and although the French may generally be successful in the small encounters that are every day occurring, yet they find it very difficult to pacify the country they temporarily occupy. They break up the armies that oppose them, but these broken armies decompose into bands of roving marauders. The allies of the French, too, have often disappointed them, and the lives of Frenchmen are sacrificed because the Mexican troops who have undertaken to support them run away in the hour of danger. In a country like Mexico, running away is not at all the same thing as it would be where European notions of honour prevail. To run away on the battle-field is no disgrace there, for almost all Mexicans have run away in their time, and the same men who run away one day will fight hard and die bravely the next. All that is implied is, that the men have calculated the chances in a simple rough way, and do not think the risk worth taking. And, in some degree, the French have more reason to reproach themselves than the Mexicans when they have had to encounter unexpected hostility or infidelity. With his loose views of the rights of property, and his small respect for family honour, the ruder type of French soldier is not a very pleasant visitor, even when he professes to be friendly; and as the French, in more than one Mexican town, have encouraged the inhabitants to pronounce in their favour, and have then, for military reasons, abandoned the place and their new friends to the enemy, there has grown up a natural and pardonable disinclination to be too forward in showing sympathy with the invaders.

There will, therefore, in all probability, be reports for some time to come of small local defeats which the French expeditionary army has undergone, and some of these reports

will be true. It will also, it is to be feared, be true for some time to come that the Mexican Budget—like the American, French, Russian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, and Austrian Budgets—will exhibit a deficit. Mexico cannot get on without assistance, and no one will be likely to give Mexico the assistance that is necessary, unless it is the Emperor of the French. Other people will help a little if he helps a great deal; but the future of the Mexican Empire depends entirely on him. He must keep troops sufficient there until the neck of the opposition is broken; and he must not only forbear to press for the immediate payment of the money due to France from Mexico, but he must let it be understood that, if capitalists lend more money, the protection of France, on any great emergency, will not be wanting. To do less than this will be to do nothing; and the strength of the Mexican position lies in this—that it will be very difficult for him to do nothing. He has made the Mexican expedition peculiarly his own. He started it, and he has carried it on, in defiance of the general judgment of France. He has told France that it is quite wrong in thinking the investment a bad one, and that great profit and glory will ultimately come of it. France listens and acquiesces, but remains incredulous. And, in one sense, the EMPEROR has had his reward. He has inspired the inhabitants of Central and Southern America with a belief in his personal power, greatness, courage, and authority. His name is invested with a halo of glory in the minds of those talkative, wonder-loving people. They look to him and not to France as the source of the bright future that lies before them. What France has gained by the Mexican expedition is not easy to see. Frenchmen must descend to the level of Prussians boasting of Dippel before they can be proud of taking Puebla and Oajaca. The French army in Mexico has had to brave disease in every form, and has for two years been called on to engage in a kind of warfare which soldiers find above all others irritating and disheartening. The cost of the expedition has been a serious drain on the resources even of a country so rich as France. Publicly, France has encountered the unnecessary risk of complicating her foreign policy by rendering herself liable at any moment to incur the hostility of the Federal States. Privately, French citizens have reaped no advantages in Mexico that are not open to all the world; and certainly, if the existing Mexican Government shows any partiality at all in determining the conditions of private enterprises, it is not in favour of French competitors. But the Emperor NAPOLEON, as an Emperor and a NAPOLEON, may gain where France fails to gain. If he succeeds in Mexico, although France is never recompensed for all the blood and treasure spent there, he will win a new kind of fame, and occupy a new page in history. He will have had the satisfaction of carrying out a hobby, and of prosecuting a design which, it may be believed, he regards as noble and philanthropic. And his failure would be as personal as his success. If he had to withdraw from Mexico, and the world saw the Empire which has been his special creation toppling to pieces, the humiliation would be that, not of France, but of NAPOLEON III. He would have staked this opinion against that of his subjects, and would have lost the stake. He would have revealed the dangerous secret that it was possible he should fail, and his dynasty might suffer, if he did not, by the revelation.

The current history of Mexico is much obscured by the constant changes which take place in the relation of the chiefs of parties and armies to the Government. As soon as we have learnt, with some trouble and perplexity, on which side a man is, we find him on the other. Just as it is no disgrace to Mexican troops to retire from an unequal contest, it is no disgrace to a Mexican leader to quit a losing side. Very little makes a man an Imperialist, and very little makes him a Juarist. If he is not actually in open opposition to the Government, and is living in apparent indifference to the other side, a Mexican would be quite exceptional if he refused any good

post that was offered him. He would regard it as something thrown in his way by which he is quite at liberty to profit. The difference, indeed, between what is called the Liberal and what is called the Clerical party is a real one, and is sincerely felt. The Liberals have a blind fury against foreigners, priests, and everything except Republicanism. The Clerical party enjoy to the utmost the sweet confidence that they alone may rob and murder in this life with a certainty of being saved in the next. The Liberals have an unfeigned dislike to the Empire, because it is a foreign invention, and is the result of the French conquest; and the Clerical party, which originally supported the EMPEROR, has now quarrelled with him, because he will not let it do as it likes. There are political feelings in Mexico which are not mere shadows, but still there is no clearly defined limit between Imperialists and either Clericals or Liberals. A Liberal general will collect a body of men, rove about the country, threaten and even fight in a small way until he sees the game is up; and then he makes his peace, goes to Court, is received with the most flattering respect, and probably gets a good post given him. An official belonging to the Clerical party may have held a good post, have been favoured at Court, and seemed the quietest of men, when suddenly he rides off and tries to get up a little insurrection in any part of the country where he has the advantage of being personally known to a few eminent brigands. No one thinks worse or better either of the man who gives in his submission or of the man who, according to our ideas, breaks his trust. It is only that a different set of people would shoot him if they could get hold of him. Therefore, when American reports tell us that this or that leader of a tiny band or faction has declared against the Empire, we can never be sure that the very man to whom he was last opposed has not joined the Empire. Evidently, in such a country, what will succeed is success. SANTA ANNA is the only President who, since the Revolution, has managed to govern the country tolerably well, and he was successful because by his courage, ability, and determination he created the impression, so strange to Mexican minds, that his Government was going to last more than six months. If the Emperor MAXIMILIAN inspires the belief that his Empire is likely to go on, that the French are going to support him in earnest, that foreign capital will enable him to tide over his times of financial difficulty, and that he can introduce European enterprise on a large scale into the country, he will find plenty of Imperialists. But at present the Mexicans are a little uncertain what is going to happen to him, and as long as this uncertainty lasts there are sure to be plenty of rumours afloat in the country unfavourable to him and his Government.

THE MALT-TAX.

THE debate on the Malt-tax was creditably conducted by the supporters of Sir FITZROY KELLY's motion, although they must have been embarrassed by the silence of the Government. When all the speeches are on one side, the votes, if not the merits of the case, are nearly sure to be on the other. Like the baffled Roman general, Sir FITZROY KELLY could neither force nor persuade Mr. GLADSTONE to descend to the fight. The importance of the attack was measured by the employment of Mr. MILNER GIBSON to conduct the defence. If there had been any risk of a narrow division, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would, in his own person, have undertaken to prove that the Malt-tax was the most convenient and economical method of raising a large portion of the revenue. Although it is unpleasant to fight, as in an Ashantee war, with a silent and invisible enemy, the opponents of the Malt-tax did full justice to their cause. Sir FITZROY KELLY and Sir E. B. LYTTON distributed their topics between themselves, so as to avoid on either side any trespass on the province of the allied orator. The British farmer in the galleries of the House may perhaps have been surprised to find his interests absolutely forgotten by his chosen representative and champion. It would have been impossible to discover, from Sir FITZROY KELLY's elaborate exposition of the grievances of the consumer, that actual or contingent barley-growers were in any way specially concerned with the philanthropic object of cheapening the poor man's beverage. As the agitation has been promoted only by farmers and by landowners, an exclusive sympathy with miscellaneous beer-drinkers was calculated to excite suspicion. Sir FITZROY KELLY's arguments might perhaps be unanswerable, but they were certainly not those which had induced him or his supporters to move in the matter. In a merely scientific inquiry, it is immaterial whether a disputant has been led to his conclusion by the same process of reasoning which he employs in his demonstration, but a deliberative as-

sembly dislikes any appearance of insincerity, or even of deliberate reserve. The speakers who followed Sir FITZROY KELLY, with the exception of Mr. HENLEY, dwelt principally on the interference of the Excise with the cultivation or profitable use of barley. To a certain extent, their complaints are well-founded, for taxation inevitably deranges any branch of industry which it affects. It was unnecessary to consider, with Mr. NEATE and Mr. MILNER GIBSON, whether the advantages of a change would accrue principally to landlords or to tenants. In either case, the wealth of the country would be increased by the removal of troublesome restrictions, and the same result would follow if the profits of repeal were intercepted by the foreign grower.

It is extremely difficult to determine or to apportion the present loss or possible gain of those who are interested in the land. On the whole, it seems that the tax is more injurious to clay lands and to other inferior soils than to the gravel which produces the finest barley. Mr. HARDCASTLE, who thoroughly understands the subject, believes that the repeal of the duty would lower the relative price of the best quality of grain, and his calculation is confirmed by the obvious proposition that an equal tax on commodities of unequal value presses most heavily on the articles which are nearest the bottom of the scale. The inquiry is in itself rather curious than useful, because poor lands and rich lands are equally entitled to relief from oppressive fiscal burdens; but the adoption of Mr. HARDCASTLE's opinion would probably detach from the cause some of the most zealous assailants of the tax. Whatever may have been Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's experience of agricultural long-suffering, farmers in modern times by no means bear shearing as patiently as their own sheep; but it is possible that a grower of prime barley might endure with considerable fortitude the misfortunes of his neighbour on the adjacent clay formation. The county members and their constituents are not, however, likely to be reconciled to the tax by Mr. NEATE's attempts to prove that landowners at least ought to be still more heavily taxed. His argument is founded on the high price of land in the market, or, in other words, on its low annual return. The suggestion is, for practical purposes, only a subtle and ingenious paradox. It is true that a landowner might generally become richer by selling, and that, conversely, a purchaser of land deliberately makes himself poorer for the sake of security, or enjoyment, or social advantage; but as long as money remains invested in land it is comparatively unproductive, and there appears to be no sufficient reason for taxing a possible income to be acquired by some more profitable speculation. In the actual controversy, Mr. NEATE only strengthened by his authority the argument that the Malt-tax is a special burden on land. Sir ROBERT PEEL was fairly quoted as a witness in support of the same theory, inasmuch as he once threatened the House with the repeal of the Malt-tax as soon as the Corn-laws were abolished, and as he had previously told the farmers that, if they got rid of the Malt-tax, they would endanger the protective duty on corn. It can only be said, in answer, that in support of a bad cause Sir ROBERT PEEL used a bad argument, and that after the repeal of the Corn-laws he never supported the abolition of the Malt Duty. The tax is, in truth, a burden upon land, but its pressure is far from severe.

The case of the consumer remains, and although it is easy to appreciate the nature of his grievance, the estimates of its magnitude vary to a perplexing degree. There can be no doubt that a tax on the principal material of beer must add to the retail price, which alone concerns the general consumer. Mr. MILNER GIBSON calculates the burden at $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which Mr. HENLEY reduces to 11. Sir FITZROY KELLY, and some of the other speakers at a late public meeting, multiplied the percentage by three or four, having failed to distinguish the cost of malt from the cost of beer. Mr. HARDCASTLE declares that the tax on a gallon of ordinary beer, which would be sold by retail for 16d., is 2d., or, as nearly as possible, $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On this supposition, he calculates that an artisan drinking two quarts of beer a day contributes 1l. 6s. a year to the revenue, and that a farmer finding four labourers with beer is taxed to the amount of 2l. 12s. It would be very much better that both classes should be relieved of a perceptible burden; but unfortunately money is wanted for the public service, and it must be raised by taxation. The comparison of beer with wine involves more than one fallacy or oversight. The Wine Duties were reduced, not on established fiscal principles, but as part of a bargain which has on the whole been profitable to the country. Economists at the time called attention to the anomaly of regulating the duties on imports with a view to the encouragement of the export

trade; but, on a balance of considerations, the country has arrived at the conclusion that the French Treaty, including its necessary conditions, has been beneficial. The duty on the cheaper wines which compete with beer still overbalances the Malt-tax, and a heavier tax on the finest wines would, in consequence of the limited consumption, be unproductive. It is not disputed that spirits are taxed more highly than beer, and indeed Mr. HENLEY says that, "if you want the best gin at a public-house, you must pay 75 per cent."; though adulteration partially corrects the severity of the impost. Tea and coffee pay more than 30 per cent., and sugar pays nearly the same. Sir FITZROY KELLY repeated many times the inaccurate statement that malt is a raw material. In relation to barley it is a manufactured article, though practically it may be considered a raw material of beer. Mr. HENLEY taunted Mr. MILNER GIBSON with the contempt which his constituents at Ashton might have felt for the argument that a tax upon cotton fell lightly upon calico. It is possible that Lancashire spinners would have hooted the advocate of any tax upon cotton, but it would not have followed that twopence per pound on cotton added largely to the price of a yard of calico. The doctrine that raw material ought to be exempt from taxation is founded entirely on foreign competition. A fractional addition to the cost of cotton fabrics might drive the English manufacturer out of the markets of the world; but the beer manufacturers have, for the present, an absolute monopoly of the trade. It is by no means improbable that the brewers of the cheap and excellent beer of Bavaria may hereafter learn the art of making pale ale for exportation; and, if so, they will compel the English Government of the day to abolish the Malt Duty.

Sir FITZROY KELLY has the quality or defect of never being startled by the result of any argument or calculation. According to his statement, out of 60,000,000*l.* annually expended in beer, 20,000,000*l.* are due to the Malt-tax, although less than 6,000,000*l.* accrue to the revenue. It follows that 14,000,000*l.* or 15,000,000*l.* are intercepted between the barley-field and the bar of the public-house. It would be interesting to ascertain where this large sum of money goes. The maltsters, and the brewers, and the public-house keepers undoubtedly make a comfortable livelihood, but if the tax were abolished, and their trade consequently stimulated, only Sir FITZROY KELLY is capable of believing that they would be 15,000,000*l.* a year poorer. It would be equally remarkable if the beer-drinkers of the United Kingdom became by the repeal of the duty 20,000,000*l.* richer, or drank out that considerable sum in additional beer. As the brewers are supposed to receive the lion's share of the vast profits which are indicated by their supposed participation in the proceeds of the Malt-tax, Mr. MILNER GIBSON's inquiry why cottagers do not brew beer at present appears highly pertinent. There is nothing but the price to prevent any man from buying a bushel of malt, and the artificial burden is insufficient to explain the general abstinence from a practice which is to become universal on the removal of the duty. If malt were cheaper, home-brewing would perhaps become commoner, but the domestic product would still compete with beer from the brewery on precisely the same terms as at present. The low price of barley, and consequently of malt, appears not hitherto to have materially affected the habits of the people. When Sir FITZROY KELLY next brings forward the question, he will do well to cut off a cypher from nearly every item in his statistics.

THE ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH SENATE.

HYMNS, which until lately bore a restricted signification, and were taken to mean only such effusions of Christian feeling in rhyme as were supposed to be fitted for congregational music, have now resumed their original and wider sense, and mean any lyrical burst of praise. We hear of hymns to GARIBALDI, hymns to JOHN BROWN; and a hymn is exactly the word to characterize the Address which the French Senate proposes to offer to the EMPEROR. It is a lyrical outpouring, praising the EMPEROR for all he has ever done, or is doing, or is ever likely to do. It is conceived throughout in the vein of the Fourth Eclogue. The EMPEROR is all that a poet's fancy can picture. Roses grow under his feet, serpents won't bite in his reign, all his subjects are making pruning-hooks out of swords. But although this is the spirit of the hymn, its actual phraseology is a little different. Modern lyrics cannot be quite like ancient ones, and a hymn to an Emperor now, instead of dealing with vague poetical generalities about roses and serpents, goes through every act of his administration in detail, and every step of his domestic and

foreign policy, and finds each more admirable than the last. The French lyricist, too, has the advantage of quite a new set of expressions which he borrows from the political philosophy of his country, and which answer the purpose of the epithets which boys, when making Latin verses, get from their Gradus. They have the merit of sounding well, making the composition longer, and being entirely destitute of any appreciable meaning. The Senate is very grateful and very happy, and it shows its feelings. It thanks the EMPEROR for allowing it to meet, and treats the mere fact that there is such a thing as a Session of the Legislative Body as a great cause for renewed love and admiration. A Session, as the Senate remarks, is a moment of useful trial for the constitutional forms of France, and certainly a Legislative Body that never sat would have something of incompleteness about it. Nor can any possible harm, as the framers of the Address conceive, come from the Legislative Body sitting, for HIS MAJESTY has been able to say to a grateful people, "Let us firmly maintain the bases of our Constitution," or, in prose, "Let us keep the Empire going"; and the Senate feels sure these bases will be maintained as long as the imposing voice of universal suffrage makes the same fundamental plebiscitums, and the Senate reasonably trusts that the EMPEROR will see to that. HIS MAJESTY has also spoken another grand sentence which will vibrate throughout France and the world, and this sentence is, "The temple of war is about to be closed." We can never remember a time when the temple of war was not about to be closed, and never a time when this made any difference, or had any effect in stopping the bloodshed that is incessantly going on over the globe. It would be exceedingly pleasant if grand sentences about the temple of war added anything to the defence of Mexico or Canada. But composers of hymns are quite right to see grandeur, and even truth, in whatever may be said by the object of their adoration; and perhaps, after all, "The temple of war is about to be closed" is a grand sentence, and ought to be mentioned and noticed as such. Nor is the hymn either wholly undeserved or wholly useless. There is very much to praise both in the domestic and in the foreign policy of the EMPEROR, if the fact of the Empire is once accepted. Both at home and abroad the EMPEROR has, in many respects, led his subjects while showing himself superior to them. He has introduced a sort of free-trade into France, and taught his subjects to like it; he has invented a system of foreign policy which is so far successful that now, when he does nothing and attends to his literary hobbies, his inaction is generally pronounced to be masterly. The two great evils of the Empire—the evil of deteriorating the moral character of the nation by subjecting it to a military despotism, and the evil of risking almost everything on the continued life and health of one man—have not yet made themselves prominent. The EMPEROR reigns, and decides what France shall do; and in many respects France is benefited by the decision, and is perfectly satisfied with it. And it is by no means a bad thing for the Empire that the French should be occasionally reminded, by hymns or otherwise, how well the EMPEROR governs. They would laugh at the hymn if they did not think it in some degree justified by facts; but, being prepared to accept its general drift, they may naturally find the ardour of their political sympathies heightened and intensified by the contagion of the Senate's poetical enthusiasm.

That portion of the rhapsody which commemorates what the EMPEROR is doing just at present in home politics gives us a very fair notion of the sort of benefits which France derives from having a firm Government established under a ruler who comprehends that his own fortunes, or at least the fortunes of his family, are bound up with the material prosperity of his people. The chief measures submitted to the Legislative Body are recounted, and, in the first place, a sketch is given of the important and useful project by which the details of local legislation are to be thrown on the communes and the departments. The Senate, of course, is not going to state this in so many words, and a preface is introduced, in which, with proper lyrical obscurity and irrelevancy, it is said or sung that "private liberties are fundamental liberties, political liberties are only their guarantee," which would be open to much criticism as a philosophical statement, but is by no means bad as an enigmatical and unconnected prelude. The severe laws passed in the height of the ORSINI panic, by which any one whom the police was pleased to consider open to suspicion was liable to instantaneous deportation to a penal colony, are on the eve of expiring by lapse of time, and are not to be re-enacted. This is rather darkly conveyed in the Address, by the phrase that "prosecutions will be purged in a fitting measure from some remains of security not indispensable to arrive at just

"repression." There are to be elaborate inquiries into the advisability of retaining imprisonment for debt, and into the working of the banking system. As the Senate most truly observes, it is an excellent thing for persons who wish to understand finance to learn something about the banking system, because it is a thing "which so directly affects the economical problem of the irregular oscillations in the rate of money." It would be more interesting and more novel to us in England if it were explained what it is that the EMPEROR proposes to do with reference to "the position of agriculture as regards the too moderate price of cereals"; and, if this only means that wheat is too cheap, how the price of wheat is to be raised by the mere watchfulness of the EMPEROR, without new protective laws. The Senate is also profoundly satisfied with the notion that now at last the French are to learn to read and write. It is most proper, and is in every way a "just and liberal idea," that in a country of universal suffrage everybody should know how to read and write. Otherwise, as the Address might have gone on to say, the voters cannot possibly know for whom or for what they are voting, and it is sad to think how many fundamental plebiscitums have been made without their creators having any notion what they were doing. The Senate, however, shows a credulity that can scarcely be pardoned even in the framers of a poetical effusion, when it goes on to say that if Frenchmen do but learn to write and read, the moral progress of the nation will keep pace with its material advance. Since the Empire was established, the foreign commerce of France has increased from under three to over seven millions of francs; but the day when the ordinary French peasant will be twice as good as he is now will never be seen by any one now living, although every Frenchman may have learnt to write his name. Primary education, however, though its beneficial effects are grotesquely overrated, is an excellent thing in its way, and the French Government is quite right to promote it. But it is curious to see that some things which are endured patiently in Germany, and even in Prussia, are too much for Frenchmen to stand. In spite of the strong advocacy of the necessities of public instruction, the large majority of the advisers of the EMPEROR have pronounced themselves decidedly adverse to a scheme for making the reception of primary education obligatory. They were shocked by the notion of treating it as a police offence in the parent that the child did not go to school; and as primary education can scarcely be universal if it is to be optional, there will still, it is to be feared, be some Frenchmen who will contrive to avail themselves of the proud privilege of making fundamental plebiscitums without knowing what they are about.

The foreign policy of the EMPEROR is as acceptable to the Senate as everything else that comes from him; but there is an air of hesitation, and an introduction of something almost like warning with the panegyric, which show that the most devoted Imperialists are not quite easy as to the line which the EMPEROR may take. The Senate seems to fear lest the Government should deal too mildly with the conquered tribes of Algeria, and the EMPEROR is entreated to remember that humanity is not weakness, and that justice inflicts severe punishments upon rebellion. Perhaps the Senate has had a hint given it to give this hint, and this means may have been taken to prepare the public mind for new measures of increased severity against the Arabs. Evidently the Senate is not quite comfortable about either Italy or Mexico. The Convention of September is spoken of with the warmest commendation, but care is taken to treat it as a pledge on the part of Italy not to interfere with the Pope and Rome, and Italy receives an explicit reminder that she must not be unmindful of her engagements and of France. Still the Convention leaves so much unsettled, and was so evidently intended not to be too clear, that the Senate does not presume to fetter or prescribe the action of the EMPEROR. With commendable caution the Address goes on to say that "the future may conceal unforeseen eventualities," and this is one of those safe propositions which no one would think of denying. If any unforeseen eventuality should happen to arise, then the Senate feels confident the EMPEROR will act as he pleases, and this is all that could be reasonably wished. In the same way, a faint notion of the wishes of the ordinary French politician as to Mexico is permitted to reveal itself when a description of the new Empire is attempted. The change in Mexico made since the Senate addressed the EMPEROR last year may be looked on as most satisfactory. An Empire has been founded, on the cradle of which are graven the names of NAPOLEON III. and CHARLES V.; but, as the Address goes on to admit frankly, "some grave questions have survived the civil wars of Mexico"; and France it

is stated, will be most delighted to hear from the lips of her returned soldiers that the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN reigns over a people sheltered beneath the flag of order. France might well think this very good news for her returning soldiers to announce, and might be very glad if her soldiers returned to announce it. But if France expects to have the news soon, and hopes that the Mexican Government will soon be ready to let the French troops go, France must be a very sanguine country. Perhaps it was also intended to convey a protest or a suggestion against embarking further men and money in the Mexican venture, when the framers of the Address proceeded to congratulate the EMPEROR on having at last satisfied the world that France did not purpose to gain anything by the enterprise. Here again, however, the future may conceal unforeseen eventualities. Something may happen in Mexico, and, whatever happens, the EMPEROR will act as he pleases; and, whatever he does, the Senate will applaud. Next year, if he does but live, he is sure of another hymn.

THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.

IT is the unhappy fate of our excellent CHANCELLOR to be a standing subject of calumnious reports. There is no Minister with whose name rumour has been more disagreeably busy. There is scarcely any part of his public conduct upon which she does not lay her uncleanly finger. It is not our business to refute the tittle-tattle of which the clubs and Westminster Hall are full. It is easy to see that the CHANCELLOR is the victim of virtues which are ill-appreciated by an envious world. But his reputation, however much he may expose it, can never be a matter of indifference to his countrymen. After all, he is the best imitation of a Pope we have got among us; and the judgments by which he regulates the belief of the faithful in the Church of England are composed in a style nearly as exciting as the Encyclical which has recently issued from St. Peter's Chair. We shall listen, therefore, with a salutary scepticism to all reports prejudicial to his good fame. Evidence in support of charges of misconduct ought to be required to bear some proportion to the dignity of the accused. It is said to be the law of the Papal States, that charges of incontinence against a Cardinal of the Church shall not be listened to unless five eye-witnesses of the fact can be produced. At least an equal amount of testimony ought to be required before we believe any evil of the high official who has been selected under the English law to explain the articles of their faith to Churchmen, and especially to enlighten them as to the future destiny of the profligate, the mendacious, and the corrupt.

The latest difficulty in which the guileless nature of the LORD CHANCELLOR has involved him threatens to be more embarrassing than any with which he has hitherto had to deal. The *primâ facie* case is one which few persons would like to find themselves called upon to confront; but it rests upon assumptions which, whatever their verisimilitude may be, have not yet been established by proof. There are some points which appear to be undisputed, and which have excited many uncomplimentary observations; but some material links are still wanting to make up the story which the active imagination of the public has woven out of the admitted facts. It is quite clear that Mr. EDMUNDS resigned, and it is also clear that his resignation gave to the CHANCELLOR an opportunity, of which he availed himself with startling rapidity, to promote his son—or at least, to use the cautious language of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, a person who stood towards him in the relation of a son. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL never employs language without a meaning; and, though the laity may not be able to see it at the first blush, no doubt the time will come when they will appreciate the soundness and importance of the distinction which the first Law-officer of the Crown has drawn between the CHANCELLOR's son and the person who stands to him in that relation. Anyhow, the gentleman who apparently unites these two sharply-discriminated characters did, by the resignation of Mr. EDMUNDS, obtain an uncommonly good appointment. The feeling of the public, upon learning this fact, naturally was that Mr. EDMUNDS' tenderness of conscience had been very serviceable to the CHANCELLOR's family interests. The next point which came to light was that, to all appearance, there was no need that Mr. EDMUNDS should have resigned at all. His offence was in no way connected with his position in the House of Lords. Nor does it appear, so far as the facts are at present known, to have involved a criminality which would have made him necessarily incapable of retaining any other public office. It is clear that the Law-officers of the Crown did not think that there was enough in the

story to support a criminal charge; and it is probable that Mr. EDMUNDS rather erred by continuing a vicious tradition than by originating any malpractice of his own. This is the result to which the speeches both of Lord DERBY and the CHANCELLOR lead. But then, it is naturally asked, how came he to resign? What was it that terrified him into so unwise a step, which has thrown him upon the world, absolutely without official salary, after so many years of official service? The answer is plain enough. He knew that the CHANCELLOR was about to communicate to the House of Lords the charges that had been made against him and the position in which he stood. Now here we get into the region of conjecture. One reason, and one reason only, could have determined Mr. EDMUNDS to resign his office under the House of Lords without waiting to see whether the House was really inclined to turn him out or not; and that reason must have been a hope that, by resigning, he would obtain his pension, from which he might be barred if he waited till the cause of his dismissal was made known. But here comes the difficulty. Mr. EDMUNDS had been informed that, if he continued to retain his office, the CHANCELLOR would lay the charges against him before the House. Reasoning by ordinary analogy, he would have inferred that the CHANCELLOR would equally feel himself bound to lay the charges before the Committee appointed to decide upon the question of giving him a pension. How came Mr. EDMUNDS to foresee that the CHANCELLOR would not do this? It is quite evident that he must have foreseen it, or his resignation would have been without motive. The CHANCELLOR declares that he never told Mr. EDMUNDS of his intentions in this respect, or incited him to resign by any promise that he would, in that event, abstain from disclosures that would imperil his pension. Lord WESTBURY is far too cautious a man to indulge in written promises; and "tell" is a coarse word to express the mode of communication by which the CHANCELLOR's benignant intentions might be conveyed to Mr. EDMUNDS's doubting mind. But was no hint given by any one? Was no understanding encouraged? These are questions which the Committee appointed on Thursday will have to resolve. If no such intimation was given tacitly or openly, the tale is one of the most extraordinary that were ever told. That the LORD CHANCELLOR should have decided that it was his duty to thrust the accusations (as yet unanswered) upon the House of Lords, when no question concerning Mr. EDMUNDS had been raised there, and yet that it was not his duty, when Mr. EDMUNDS had resigned, to lay them before the Committee appointed to decide upon his pension, is inexplicable enough. But that Mr. EDMUNDS should have foreseen that the CHANCELLOR would take this inexplicable course, and should have staked his whole official means of support upon the accuracy of that forecast, is ten times more inexplicable. The public seem inclined to draw the light which is to clear up this mystery from the fact that the CHANCELLOR's inscrutable reticence, and Mr. EDMUNDS's mysterious foreknowledge of it, have contributed to instal Mr. SLINGSBY BETHELL in a delightful post. If Mr. EDMUNDS had not foreseen the CHANCELLOR's reticence, and had consequently not resigned, a fat appointment would have been wanting to the comfortable sum total which the BETHELL family are enjoying out of the proceeds of the taxes.

There are hard unsympathizing men who have designated these proceedings as jobs; but they do not understand the tender scrupulousness of the LORD CHANCELLOR's mind. He has always been a deeply religious man. He has felt an impulse, which he could not control, to preach Christianity to Christian Young Men's Associations. He has, as he himself has told us, offered constant prayers to Heaven for the success of the Reform movement; and he has carefully avoided throwing any doubts upon the efficacy of those prayers by resorting to the merely human instrumentality of bringing in a Reform Bill. In the same spirit, he has observed the Scriptural command to provide for those of his own household. The fortunate resignations of Mr. EDMUNDS have enabled him to provide, not only for a son in the House of Lords, but also for a son-in-law in the Patent Office. If for no other reason, Mr. EDMUNDS deserves a pension for having contributed so largely to the depasturage of so excellent a family. But this appears by no means to exhaust the list of the LORD CHANCELLOR's achievements in the performance of this imperative and difficult duty. He feels deeply that time is short, and that, if he does not improve every occasion, the opportunity may pass from him for ever. The following speech, reported to have been made by Mr. TIMMAS, at Ipswich, gives an idea of his laudable activity in this respect:—

"It might be said of the Bankruptcy Act that it has been a 'gigantic system of out-door relief to Lord WESTBURY's relations. I hold in my hand a list of some of the appointments

"which the noble lord has made under that Bill. First, a 'registrarship to the Hon. SLINGSBY BETHELL, son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, to the Court of Bankruptcy at Exeter, and afterwards at London; second, a registrarship of deeds to the Hon. R. BETHELL, son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, under the New Bankruptcy Act; third, Crown Solicitor to the Court of Bankruptcy, WALTER WILLIAM ALDRIDGE, Esq., who married a niece of the LORD CHANCELLOR, appointment created under the New Bankruptcy Act; fourth, Architect to the Court of Bankruptcy, AUGUSTUS B. ABRAHAMS, brother-in-law to the LORD CHANCELLOR, appointment found necessary under the New Bankruptcy Act. In addition to these there was a secretaryship of presentations, given to A. B. ABRAHAMS, Esq., and a Mr. R. J. ABRAHAMS was appointed second clerk in the Land Registry Office. There is another little job in my own immediate neighbourhood, where the LORD CHANCELLOR has been induced to appropriate an appointment for the benefit of his own son-in-law, the official assigneeship to the Exeter district. Now, I say that gentleman knew no more of the duties of the official assigneeship than I know of the duties of the Lord Chief Justice of England. His Lordship has recently removed his son-in-law from that district to the London official assigneeship, at a salary of '800*l.* a year."

Even this, however, does not appear to complete the list; for it has been asserted, and the assertion we believe has not been contradicted, that another son of the CHANCELLOR, the Hon. W. BETHELL, has been appointed to a place of 400*l.* a year, though he is still an undergraduate at Oxford. Under ordinary circumstances, it might be judicious so far to consult public prejudice as to wait until his sons had completed their education before he provided for them at the public expense. In these days it is usually supposed that salaries are only paid in exchange for work done; and it is antecedently probable that a youth who is still an undergraduate at the University will not, either in point of leisure or of ability, be worth 400*l.* a year to the public service. But these considerations were overcome in the mind of the LORD CHANCELLOR by the menacing aspect of the political horizon. "Trust not the morrow" is a maxim which should never be forgotten by public characters who have large families to provide for. After all, it is but a sacrifice of reputation in exchange for so much public money; and whether the bargain is a good or a bad one must depend in each case on the amount which there is to sacrifice.

PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian Government prosecutes its schemes of external ambition, while it is apparently losing ground in the domestic contest with the House of Deputies. Of several conditions which are attached to the definitive constitution of Schleswig-Holstein, two are announced as indispensable and final. Prussia is to have the right of maritime conscription in the Duchies, and it is to make and to hold the peninsular canal which will connect the Baltic with the North Sea. Although both stipulations seem incompatible with the sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein, the form in which Prussian supremacy is asserted displays considerable sagacity. A desire to attain maritime power was one of the principal motives for the universal excitement which prevailed in Germany during the lingering Danish quarrel. While one half of the Bay of Kiel lay outside the territory of the Confederation, and while the remainder sheltered the fleets of a foreign Government, German patriotism was never weary of deploring the impediments which prevented the creation of a navy. As Spanish economists attribute English policy to a peridious jealousy of the possible manufactures of Madrid, the leaning of England to Denmark was commonly regarded in Germany as an expression of prophetic alarm suggested by the fleet of the future. The Prussian Government is, therefore, promoting a national object, and at the same time aggrandizing the monarchy, by seeking to appropriate the maritime resources of the conquered provinces. The Duchies are incapable of maintaining a navy, nor is there any Federal organization to supply the deficiencies of local weakness. The Diet, which seemed for a short time likely to rise into the rank of a great Power, has of late been frequently reminded of its intrinsic helplessness; and an intended motion for the recognition of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG has been compulsorily withdrawn on an intimation that Prussia would refuse to acknowledge its competency. The minor princes can only hope to obtain the traditional support of Austria, as they would probably not be supported, even by the public opinion of their own subjects, if they attempted themselves to remonstrate against the pretensions

of Prussia. The Austrian Government is at last endeavouring to make a stand against Prussian encroachment; but the same reasons which have hitherto recommended passive acquiescence are likely to influence future negotiation. There is much force in the argument that the maritime resources of the Duchies must be used by Prussia or not at all. The Liberal party throughout Germany would have preferred a gradual process of fusion as the mode of obtaining national union, but the same object will be partially attained by the undisputed establishment of Prussian supremacy in the North. A Prussian squadron of turret-ships issuing through the projected canal into the ocean would secure, in Germany, the condonation of much irregularity and insolence. The additional pleasure of provoking irritation in England will be unfortunately withheld. There is no reason to anticipate an interruption of the peaceful relations which have existed from time immemorial, and, in the improbable and untoward contingency of a quarrel, second-rate maritime Powers are more vulnerable than purely military States. There is reason to hope that modern statesmanship is becoming more comprehensive and tolerant. It is found that the artificial compression of national aspirations often increases the risk of encroachment; and if the Germans think that they want a fleet, it is as well that they should either satisfy their desire or discover for themselves that it is imaginary. Perhaps it may hereafter appear that, in prolonging the negotiations, Prussia only intends to prepare the way for annexation. If the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG refuses to accept the proposed conditions, he may be informed that the security and naval greatness of Germany are too important to be sacrificed to his dynastic pretensions. The maritime conscription and the ship canal would require no separate provision if the frontier of Prussia were extended to the Northern boundary of Schleswig.

The KING, and even his bold and overbearing Minister, begin to suspect that the extension of Prussian influence may be seriously hampered by the constitutional struggle. Ambition is an expensive passion, and the savings of a frugal administration are nearly or wholly exhausted. The new military system is costly, and the fleet has yet to be built. Three or four budgets, which were probably not in themselves unreasonable, have been illegally adopted, and although the taxes require no annual renewal, Prussian lawyers dispute the regularity of the appropriation of the revenue to the various branches of the public service. In a few instances, payment of the taxes has been refused, and although so inconvenient a mode of resistance is not likely to become general, practical protests exercise a strong influence on popular opinion. It is admitted on all hands that it is impossible to provide additional funds without the authority of the Parliament. The Crown has never claimed the right of imposing new taxes, and the father of the present KING made a formal promise, which has never been broken, that no loan should be contracted except with the sanction of the representatives of the people. It would, in fact, be useless to appeal to capitalists, unless the public credit was pledged by the House of Deputies. The money market cherishes a faith in constitutional government which might be instructive to the statesmen of the Continent, and if the Prussian Government is once driven to borrow, it must first devise some terms of reconciliation with the holders of the only available security. A loan for the creation of a navy would be a legitimate operation, but the consent of the House would only be granted on conditions. The merits of the dispute with the Crown are so well understood that it would be useless to hold up the Parliament to odium on the pretext that its ill-timed economy thwarted the national aspirations. No representative assembly can properly authorize a loan unless it has power to maintain public solvency by its control both of revenue and expenditure, and when budgets are adopted by royal prerogative, the House of Deputies has not even the means of insuring the regular payment of interest to the national creditor. In short, a loan might be refused in such a manner as to throw upon the Government the responsibility of any inconvenience which might ensue. Arguments are never so forcible as when the practical decision rests with the more logical disputant.

The Royalist or reactionary party has lately been defeated in an awkward attempt to turn the position of the discontented middle class by an alliance with the multitude. In many countries despotism has found its best support in the democratic feeling which, as the Emperor NAPOLEON significantly remarks in his *Life of Caesar*, attaches itself to a single person more readily than to a deliberative assembly. The King of Prussia, however, is not exactly a despot, and still less are the Brandenburg nobility and the officers of the army a single person. Before the rabble accepts a tyrant as its champion

and protector, it must be satisfied that he is unencumbered by previous engagements to any other party in the State. Workmen may dislike their employers, but they have no preference for a landed aristocracy over manufacturers and capitalists. During the existence of Parliamentary Government in France, the Republicans and Imperialists were sufficiently factious in their opposition, but common enmity never induced them to ally themselves with the still more obnoxious Legitimists. In Northern Germany the middle class is probably more powerful than in France; for, in addition to the traders who in every country form the mass of the corresponding part of the population, the professors and other teachers exercise an exceptional influence, and the Civil Service, which elsewhere is at the disposal of the Crown, enjoys a permanent tenure of office, and possesses a corporate character of its own. A large number of public functionaries are to be found in the House of Deputies, nor is any portion of the Assembly more thoroughly discontented with the Government. Since the commencement of the political struggle, the Ministers have used their utmost efforts to intimidate a class of opponents which might have been more advantageously conciliated. The union of the administrative body with the Universities, with the manufacturers, and with the shopkeepers renders the Liberal party formidable. A sudden outburst of official and aristocratic sympathy for the oppressed populace was too barefaced an exhibition of hypocrisy. If Mr. DISRAELI were to announce his adhesion to the principles of Trades' Unions, his new clients would regard his overtures with suspicion, and the employers would feel just indignation. On similar grounds, the representatives of the manufacturers in the Prussian House of Deputies have deeply resented an attempt to interfere with their industrial relations.

In Germany, as in other countries, wages and hours of labour furnish materials for numerous disputes, and it appears that in the manufacturing districts of Silesia there have been quarrels between certain millowners and their operatives. It occurred to some ingenious supporters of the Government in the neighbourhood that it would be advantageous to foster the agitation against a firm of which one member was a well-known Opposition Deputy. Accordingly, some of the workmen in the employ of Messrs. REICHENBACH were persuaded to visit Berlin, and to present a memorial on their grievances to the KING in person. No less a functionary than the chief Minister introduced the malcontents to an audience, and the KING, after listening to various charges of harshness and extortion, was so ill advised as to dismiss the petitioners with a considerable present of money. Herr REICHENBACH brought the matter before the House, and he disproved the accusations against his firm so satisfactorily that Herr VON BISMARCK was reduced to the unwelcome necessity of offering an apology and retraction. The impropriety which had been committed was but slightly aggravated by the injustice of the actual charge. It was intolerable that the KING should make himself either a judge or a partisan in the contest between labour and capital, and the attempt to damage a political adversary by interference in his private affairs was at the same time odious and despicable. The House had previously rejected several insidious amendments on the law of trading associations which had been proposed by the Ministerial party. Philanthropy is seldom so offensive as when it is employed in the interest of privilege and exclusiveness. The Prussian Minister has displayed much ability in his external policy, and during the present Session he has sometimes shown a desire to arrive at an understanding with the Parliament; yet he has much to learn before he can become a constitutional Minister, and his ambitious projects are incompatible with the maintenance or establishment of absolute power.

THE POPE'S INVITO SACRO.

THE invitation to penitence and prayer with which the Vatican has recently saluted the approach of Lent is an official answer to all those champions of the Papacy who, like the Bishop of ORLEANS, choose to see nothing illiberal in the Syllabus of Errors. The wickedness of the world, which afflicts so profoundly the soul of a naturally cheerful Pontiff, consists altogether—we are again reminded—in the spread of political Liberalism. This it is which makes the POPE unhappy whenever he thinks of his fellow-creatures, and which threatens to call down upon mankind the just wrath of God. Lent affords His HOLINESS a fresh opportunity for touching on the gloomy prospect in a becoming tone. The POPE gives the world forty days for repentance. If any one thinks that not much is to be done in so limited a period, there is "the example of Nineveh to comfort and console us." Forty

days of sackcloth and ashes preserved that city from destruction; and HIS HOLINESS conceives that a similar effort might yet save the universe from the "terrible" calamities which are the natural consequences of the "unhappy" principles of religious liberty. That one more possibility of reformation is offered to a sinful society is due to the Indulgence with which the Holy See has graciously seen fit to favour the spring of 1865. The faithful are earnestly requested to avail themselves of the opening thus made, to visit the three Patriarchal Churches in the Roman metropolis, and to offer up, on each occasion, the sacrifice of their prayers. Meanwhile, chests will be placed at appropriate places to receive all godly contributions, and, as the Pontifical expenditure exceeds the annual income by more than a third, it is probable that the smallest contributions will be thankfully received. Such acts of devotion and charity are humanity's best chance. Until this final method of propitiation has been fairly tried, Pío Nono naïvely opines that it would be imprudent to assume the implacability of Heaven. "*Quis scit si convertatur et ignoscat Deus?*" No reverent Catholic will be anxious to recollect that, if donations at Rome could arrest Liberal ideas in Europe, Protestantism itself would have been by this time a matter of history alone. The proceeds of past Papal indulgences, however, have been, as a rule, more successful in securing earthly than spiritual objects. Peter's Pence raised the dome of St. Peter's in mid-air, but failed to extinguish LUTHER. Should the Jubilee of 1865 effectually diminish the present Papal deficit, Cardinal ANTONELLI will perhaps be tolerably contented, even though the French EMPEROR remains unconvinced to Ultramontanism, and M. RENAN persists in his French restorations of New Testament history.

The references to the narrative of JONAH with which the Vatican enforces its melancholy adjurations would be still more apposite if the POPE had the candour to carry out the sacred illustration into detail. Just as Liberalism is the crime from which it is the duty of the Papacy to rescue Nineveh, Pío Nono in his early Pontificate showed the well-known reluctance of the prophet to entering on his mission. He has been guilty of the entire sin of JONAH. Like the prophet, he found a ship going to Tarshish, and paid the fare thereof; and he only left the Liberal vessel because the crew threw him overboard in a storm. He preaches, therefore, to modern society with all the sincerity of a man who has been brought back to dry land, and to his duty, by the Providential interposition of a whale. His ablest Minister has enjoyed a similar marine experience. It is natural and reasonable that both of them should entertain henceforward a horror of the sea, and regard mariners in general as a species of ruffians. With wonderful simplicity the POPE's admirers are fond of pointing to this primary part of his career to prove that his recent denunciations of freedom and progress must be read, if possible, in a Liberal sense. Pío Nono's subjects and neighbours recollect the incidents in question, but they deduce from them no such flattering interpretations. Perverts and deserters are in general the most furious of partisans, and that Pío Nono was once a Liberal seems to them the best security for his remaining a bigot to the end. The recapitulation of the errors of the age with which we are once more presented in the *Invito Sacro* is a pious work of superfluity, which no Pontiff would have imposed upon himself who was not a thorough and sincere believer in reaction. It must hereafter be admitted that the much-abused Encyclical expresses without extravagance the permanent views of Rome. Liberty of conscience—*l'infesta libertà di coscienza*—liberty of worship, the freedom of the press, the will of the people, and public opinion, are all of them deliberately condemned again as ideas which lead to misery on earth and to eternal misery hereafter. Those who refuse on these matters to listen to the voice of the Apostolic See are proclaimed to be no longer part of the flock of CHRIST, or even "heirs of heaven." The Encyclical and its appendant Syllabus have been usually discussed with reference to Europe at large. But the city of Rome has at least some interest in the manifestoes of its own Government. The citizens who live under the shadow of St. Peter's may learn from the *Invito Sacro*, which is more peculiarly addressed to the denizens of their capital, what they may expect in future from their priestly rulers. Other European despots may be intolerant of opposition at home, but none have boldly maintained the principle of intolerance as a sacred and inviolable duty. The Emperor of the FRENCH looks forward with pretended pleasure to the "crowning of the edifice of liberty," the building of which progresses after the manner of the famous web of PENELOPE. Even Count BISMARCK, in his diplomatic correspondence, has seemed to recognise the existence of a people's liberties. Rome alone strikes, not merely at Liberals, but at the idea of

liberty. How far NAPOLEON III. has succeeded in reconciling the POPE and civilization may be gathered from this last violent disclaimer of the Papacy itself.

That the errors of the age have made considerable progress, even within the walls of Rome, may be gathered from the letter of the Lenten invitation, as well as from the language in which it first appeared. Catholics are in the habit of assuming that the POPE would be popular enough at Rome were it not for the secret machinations of Piedmont. The POPE knows better. He is not less afraid of internal disaffection than of foreign incendiaries. Rome itself must be tainted with the leaven of disloyalty before it could be fairly compared to Nineveh; nor would Pío Nono be so anxious for his subjects to repent, if the divine right of Popes to govern wrong were a doctrine acceptable among them. There is nothing in the air of the Seven Hills which prevents modern ideas from entering and passing current; and if it be true that revolutionary contagious theories are in vogue in other great cities, Rome can scarcely expect to be preserved by a miracle from the like influence. It is a law of human progress that political ideas ferment most rapidly in towns; and the country peasants of VICTOR EMMANUEL's kingdom are likely to honour the POPE far longer than the inhabitants of the Papal metropolis will tolerate him. There is not a single political question on which the interests of Rome are not diametrically opposed to the interests of the Vatican. At present Rome is over-taxed to feed a lazy and ostentatious priesthood. Meanwhile, its isolated position in the middle of an unfriendly territory prevents its population from sharing in the material benefits which are likely to accrue to the rest of Italy. The education of the laity, conducted though it is, for the most part, by intelligent subordinates, remains under the supreme direction of a pedantic and narrow-minded clerical clique. A free press is an institution known only at Rome by the vague rumours which occasionally cross the frontier, while brigandage is the one species of political life which enjoys complete independence of the police. The Romans have nothing to lose by revolution, except the sentimental pleasure of being misgoverned by the Head of the Catholic religion. M. THIERS and the literary politicians who adopt his view would value that pleasure less highly if they had possessed no other political privilege at all for half a century. It seems in any case hard to condemn a single city to perpetual maladministration in order to provide spiritual luxuries for the rest of Europe. A military occupation can doubtless secure so questionable an object, if it be worth securing. But the Romans cannot be blamed if they postpone to their own comfort the consideration of the religious privileges of Austria and France. The withdrawal of the French troops may not at once entail a second Papal Exodus to Gaeta, but either fear or force will be necessary to keep the POPE's subjects permanently to their allegiance. The announcement which the HOLY FATHER is stated to have just made to M. DE SARTIGES, that he ignores the Convention and will organize no army of his own, but will place his whole trust in Providence, is quite consistent with a due perception of the fact that Providence works by human means, and that foreign bayonets are indispensable supports of an odious priestly government.

The danger of the situation is thus probably beginning to be felt by that Court which, on principle, proposes, as far as its own existence is concerned, to take no thought for the morrow. Convinced, by abortive and painful experiment, that Austria and Spain either cannot or will not pledge themselves to interfere, the Vatican's sympathizers appear—at least before the recent Papal declaration to the French Minister—to have been falling back on the melancholy resource of admiring the Emperor of the FRENCH. The Roman journals seemed disposed reluctantly to think that, after all, he must be a man of God. The Imperial Speech at the opening of the Chambers was neither flattering to the provincial pride of Piedmont, nor auspicious for the wishes of Italy. It is considered to be something in His Imperial MAJESTY's favour that he has spoken slightly of Turin, and that he has not encouraged the aspirations of VICTOR EMMANUEL. Bolder than its Italian compeers, the *Correspondance de Rome* ventures to approve and to extol the delicacy with which the Convention of September has been executed. It regrets the "horrible accusations" heaped upon the EMPEROR by revolutionary writers, and compliments the Imperial Government for having concluded its negotiations without consulting the Holy See. The POPE's dignity has thus been adequately preserved, nor can his enemies ever reproach him with having taken part in a diplomatic arrangement which is likely to preserve his throne. The EMPEROR's declaration of three weeks back, we are now told, has amply justified all the hopes of Catholicism. France, by his august mouth,

proclaims herself the "eldest daughter of the Church." In limiting the future of Italian ambition, she virtually and definitely guarantees the temporal power of the Vatican. Whether this estimate of the EMPEROR'S policy be correct or not, it is probable that the Papacy will grow daily more grateful to the Empire as the period approaches for the evacuation of Rome. Yet it will be at best a degrading spectacle to see the Church of Rome trailing itself after an Imperial protector for the sake of the loaves and fishes. It is not surprising, when we consider the antecedents of the Papacy, that it should be ready to surrender its dignity sooner than relinquish its temporalities. But it is strange that any one living should fail to see that all these degradations are the necessary result of its temporal ambition. If anxiety to preserve a few roods of earthly dominion can drag the friends of the Holy See into all this slough of intolerance, and illiberalism, and servility, it will be a happy hour for Catholicism when her chief ceases to be a king.

AMERICA.

THE evacuation of Charleston by the Confederates may perhaps prove to be a considerable political event, though it possesses little military importance. In the early part of the war, the Confederates derived great advantage from their possession of a long line of coast, including numerous harbours, which it was at first impossible effectually to blockade. The Northern Government incurred some useless odium by an unsuccessful attempt to close the river approaches to Charleston by mechanical means. As long as the blockade was merely enforced by a squadron outside the port, contraband traffic proceeded with no serious interruption; but in the summer of 1863, the Federal army and navy commenced the siege of Charleston, and although the town itself has defied the efforts of the invader, the harbour has from that time been effectually closed. An enormous amount of ammunition has been expended by the besiegers, without any result except the infliction of gratuitous suffering on the inhabitants. It is said that a portion of the city was deserted, and that weeds grew breast-high in the streets; but for a year and a-half no serious attempt has been made to capture the defences. The Confederate flag was, during the whole time, hoisted on Fort Sumter, or rather it was replaced as often as it was shot away. The people of the North—who, except in their feelings towards England, are not in general malignant or revengeful—have affected to make a distinction to the detriment of Charleston, as the cradle of Secession and as the original theatre of war. An engineer who tried to add to the misery of the inhabitants by a contrivance which he called Greek fire secured temporary popularity and applause, and it was from his abortive experiment that the discreditable person who is nominated as Republican Governor of Tennessee derived the well-known imprecation of "Greek fire for the masses, and hell fire for the leaders." Except for the purpose of occupying a certain number of Confederate troops in the defence, there was no apparent object in prolonging the siege or bombardment of Charleston. The fleet might have held the estuary in perfect impunity, with the aid of a certain number of troops to garrison the lines and batteries which had been established on the islands. To the Confederates, after they were excluded from access to the sea, Charleston was simply a place in their territory, with the disadvantage, as compared with an inland town, of having only one available outlet. Future experience will show whether it was also essential to their hold on the allegiance of South Carolina to retain possession of its principal and most celebrated city.

When SHERMAN commenced his northward march from Savannah, it was uncertain how far the Confederate generals would be able, or even desirous, to interrupt his advance. When BEAUREGARD declined to defend the Southern swamps and rivers, it still appeared possible that he might make a stand at Branchville or Columbia; but his continued retreat obviously involved the abandonment of Charleston, which lies far to the south-east of the point which SHERMAN has already reached. In many cases, a fortified place on the flank or rear of an invader may be useful as furnishing the means of operating on his communications; but when an advancing army is greatly superior in number, garrisons which are left behind only serve as hostages or as prizes. The Russians, in their retreat on Moscow, withdrew their whole army, nor did they attempt to hold a single fortress after it had been turned. In the following year, NAPOLEON, who was in his turn overmatched by the allied armies, committed one of the most ruinous errors of his life by retaining 20,000 men in Dresden while his own main army was already pressed far to the westward.

As Charleston was already beleaguered on the side of the sea, it would have been easy to spare a Federal force to complete the investment, and after a longer or shorter interval the garrison must necessarily have surrendered. It is probable that HARDEE has joined BEAUREGARD with a welcome reinforcement, and another accession of strength may be expected from Wilmington, which has also been abandoned to the invaders. General LEE is probably concentrating the whole Confederate army, either for the defence of Richmond, or in preparation for a transference of the campaign to Alabama and Mississippi. As his lieutenants approach him from the South, he will recover the opportunity of acting on interior lines, and possibly he may attempt to strike a blow against GRANT or SHERMAN before the Federal armies have effected a junction. The numbers of the combatants on either side are only vaguely conjectured. It is certain, however, that the Confederates are greatly outnumbered, and they have at present no means of redressing the balance; for, even if the project of arming the slaves is ultimately adopted by the State Governments, no negro troops will be organized in time for the present campaign. The recruiting ground is also dangerously narrowed by the unopposed advance of SHERMAN. The negroes of South Carolina have an opportunity of witnessing the discomfiture of their masters, and many of them have probably escaped in the track of the Federal army; nor will it be easy to provide camps of instruction beyond the reach of the attacks or of the blandishments of the enemy. South Carolina has no longer any centre of government, and the inhabitants of the State are thought to be wavering. As the whole number of white citizens before the war amounted only to three hundred thousand, there must now be comparatively few men of military age. The Northern journals, with their customary good taste, taunt the people of South Carolina with their cowardice in refusing to fight for their native soil. Yet, if every man between twenty and sixty had taken the field against SHERMAN, the army of South Carolina would scarcely have equalled in number the disciplined and practised troops of the enemy. The negroes, who were somewhat more numerous than the whites, have suffered little hitherto from the war.

Mr. LINCOLN has commenced his second term of office under unexpectedly favourable auspices. Long and uninterrupted success in military operations has, by its natural consequences, silenced domestic opposition. The great majority of the Northern population has satisfied itself that the prosecution of the war offers the nearest and easiest road to peace; and the abortive conference in Hampton Roads has furnished an additional argument against negotiation, by proving that the Confederates are not yet willing to surrender their independence. The proclamation of an extraordinary session of Congress is probably explained by the termination of one Presidency and the commencement of another. The customary inaugural address will have furnished an opportunity of commenting on the events of the last three months, and of formally announcing a policy which is already known and approved. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. LINCOLN intends to make any communication to Congress on the subject of possible hostilities with foreign nations. Even if he were disposed to give effect to the threats of his Republican supporters, he knows that the civil war is not yet over, although he may believe that its termination approaches. The organs of popular opinion have been perfectly candid and consistent in the statement that a quarrel will not be fastened upon England until the Republic is at leisure to prosecute new schemes of cupidity and revenge. If it were certain that a pretext for the invasion of Canada will afterwards be devised, common prudence would dictate to the English Government the expediency of anticipating the challenge. On the whole, however, it is probably judicious to continue peaceable relations as long as possible, in the hope that blustering menaces may not be realized in act. As long as Mr. LINCOLN abstains from the use of threatening and insulting language, there is still a reasonable chance that war may be avoided. Even the army may perhaps desire some respite from its toils, and, after an interval of tranquillity, parties will probably arise in the country to oppose gratuitous bloodshed and further accumulation of debt. On the other hand, there are unfortunately large classes which are interested in maintaining the depreciation of the currency. The State of Pennsylvania, remaining faithful to its former reputation, has ingeniously contrived to defraud its foreign creditors by paying off in greenbacks the principal of a debt which was incurred in gold. Other States have confined their dishonesty to the payment of dividends in a debased currency; but public and private debtors will equally deprecate the reaction in the price of gold which must necessarily result from peace. A war with England would be

doubly popular if it furnished additional facilities for cheating English bondholders.

As the Government of the United States now controls the entire seaboard of the Confederacy, the navy will probably be reduced, unless an attack on England is meditated. The Federal fleets have never during the present war had to encounter an enemy at sea, and although there are still a few forts to be cannonaded, the squadrons at Charleston, at Wilmington, and perhaps at Mobile, are relieved from the troublesome duty of maintaining the blockade. A portion of the disposable naval force will probably be sent to Texas, as the only intercourse of the Southern States with the outer world is now conducted across the Rio Grande into Mexico. The Federal Government has for the last year judiciously left the outlying provinces to be occupied by the enemy, while every effort has been employed to overwhelm the main Confederate armies by superior numbers. There will always be time to reconquer Texas when the more central part of the Confederacy has been subdued. In other quarters great exertions will be used to reinforce the armies, which are already strong in numbers. If GRANT and SHERMAN had the power of absolutely determining the course of the campaign, they would doubtless desire to employ their combined forces against LEE in his present position; for a Federal victory in the neighbourhood of Richmond might perhaps be decisive, while a defeat would only entail a pause in offensive operations until reinforcements could be received. If the main Confederate army retreats upon Lynchburg without fighting, the campaign and the war may still be prolonged.

NAVAL EXPLANATIONS.

WHAT are we to believe about the navy? One thing is certain, that very nearly 58,000,000*l.* has been spent upon it in five years. Whether we have got for this money a sea-going fleet of iron-clads, as LORD CLARENCE PAGET would have us believe, or only a number of vessels the majority of which could not venture to cross the Bay of Biscay, is a question which, however important, is by no means easy to answer with the scanty information conceded to the public. The cruise of the Channel Fleet during the autumn months ought to have afforded the Admiralty means of arriving at a tolerably sound opinion, and it is no wonder that the attempted suppression of Admiral DACRES' Report, notwithstanding many precedents for the production of similar documents, should have suggested serious doubts whether the efficiency of any but the very best of the plated vessels could at all be relied on. It is not creditable that the *Warrior*, the first ship of this description, should still remain in most respects without a rival in the fleet. Although unhandy from her extreme length, and imperfectly protected, she is, in speed and sea-going qualities, confessedly superior to every ship that has since been launched. And this gradual deterioration of our model has not been an accident. A few ships have been built, or are in the course of building, upon the *Warrior* plan, with some variations of very doubtful value; but, out of the whole number of nineteen so-called liners, seven—those of the *Prince Consort* class—were designed to be slow, and five others were intended to be slower still. All these twelve ships have proved fully as deficient in speed under steam as they were calculated to be, and on this ground alone must always be very defective for purposes of war. The excuse suggested for the deliberate sacrifice of the speed which is now nearly the most essential quality of a man-of-war is, that it was submitted to for the purpose of reducing the draft of water sufficiently to enable the ships to make use of such docks as are to be found in all parts of the world, and to obviate the necessity under which the *Warrior* lies of having to return to England whenever she needs repair. This plea, however, is effectually disposed of if Sir J. PAKINGTON is right in saying that scarcely any of these vessels are fit to cross the Atlantic. An ex-First Lord is not a conclusive authority on the merits of ships built by his successor; but Sir J. PAKINGTON ought to have good information, and the confidence with which he appealed to the experience of the Channel Fleet, in support of his assertions, forced the Government to give some account of Admiral DACRES' Report. The reasons for not, as a rule, producing confidential reports are intelligible; but the supposed rule is never adhered to when such documents are favourable to the Government, and the full text of the Admiral's official Report could scarcely be as gloomy as the forebodings and suspicions engendered by the mystery thrown around the subject. Sooner or later the Admiralty will be compelled to disclose the whole truth on a question which will not be allowed to remain in suspense.

The determination to know what dependence can be placed on our new and costly fleet is not confined to Sir J. PAKINGTON or his party, and LORD CLARENCE PAGET did not show his usual tact in substituting his own summary of the Report for the exact information which no Ministry will long be able to refuse. A feeling which extends beyond mere political parties is never a good thing to trifle with, and such is the anxiety, now and always felt, to be assured of the sufficiency of our naval defences. In the quotation, or version, given by LORD CLARENCE, we find no specific answer to the question whether the bulk of our ironclads are or are not capable of crossing the Atlantic; but a negative judgment may perhaps be inferred from the statement that the most numerous class—represented by the *Prince Consort* and *Royal Oak*—are “invaluable for Channel service as block-ships.” In other words, the ships whose speed was sacrificed for the express purpose of enabling them to refit in foreign docks are apparently pronounced unfit to go out of reach of our dockyards at home. Even if it be assumed that this is the worst that is to be found in Admiral DACRES' Report, it is as strong a condemnation of the policy followed in the design of these vessels as can well be imagined.

The revelations as to another more novel class of vessels are still less satisfactory. We do not sympathise with the fierce attacks made upon Mr. REED, who, we believe, is an able though opinionated officer; but his model ships, the *Enterprise* and *Research*, have fallen far short of the promise that they were to be as completely protected as the *Warrior*, and yet to maintain speed and sea-going qualities with about a fifth of the *Warrior*'s tonnage. What they have done is perhaps as much as reasonable men expected from the experiment, but it is very little. Both are slow. The *Enterprise* is said to be a good sea-boat, but without any protection that could be of much service against modern artillery. The *Research* is more effectually armoured, and is understood to be more after Mr. REED's own heart. But she is very slow under sail or steam, and is not a sea-going ship at all. It is about as difficult to induce a captain to find fault with his ship as to get a lover to malign his mistress's eyebrow; and LORD CLARENCE PAGET did the best he could for the *Research* by quoting the opinion of Captain WELSHURST. Admiral DACRES had said that she was “very much over-weighted, and made very bad weather “in a moderate fresh breeze”; and Captain WELSHURST does not make the case much better. He “does not consider “that she would be in danger of going down in a gale, provided proper precautions were taken to batten her down “securely, the means of doing which might,” in his opinion, “be improved.” Any sailor will understand at once what sort of ship it is of which its captain could speak in these terms, and landsmen may safely take it for granted that, in her present condition, the *Research* would go to the bottom in a gale, but that with certain improvements she might just be able to escape that fate. Notwithstanding the failure of his first experiments, there is reason to believe that Mr. REED's principle of protecting only the guns and the water-line of the smaller class of ships is sound, and it may be hoped that in future trials he may be able to effect a more satisfactory compromise between sea-going requirements and defensive strength.

More reliance may probably be placed on the turret-ships represented by the *Royal Sovereign* and the two ex-Confederate Rams, which would no doubt be capable of effective service. But this is a poor array to show in a class represented in America by hundreds of vessels, and the announcement of the present intentions of the Board affords the severest comment on their past inaction. Before the Americans had a single Monitor, Captain COLES professed his readiness to build a turret-ship thoroughly fit to take and keep the sea, and it is only in the spring of this year that he has been finally authorized to prepare the drawings for carrying out his design. There is no assignable reason why the experiment which will be tried in the year 1867, of sending a turret-ship to sea, should not have been concluded years ago. Prejudice and apathy combined have postponed the trial so long that, instead of having, as we might now have, a whole fleet of armoured cruisers carrying 300 and 600-pounder guns, we shall have at least two more years to wait before even the model can be finally approved. Anything more lame than LORD CLARENCE PAGET's explanation of this long delay can scarcely be imagined. All the resources of special pleading are brought to bear to strike a year or two off the account. In 1861, Captain COLES begged to be allowed to prepare drawings for a ship, but then he proposed to give his turrets the cupola form which he has since abandoned, and therefore it is said the project was something entirely different from that which the Admiralty are accused of thwarting. However, in January, 1862, the cupola was changed into a turret; and why was not

a sea-going ship at once laid down upon that model? Because, says Lord CLARENCE, Captain COLES, not being an experienced ship-builder, had over-estimated the floating power of his intended vessel; and, thereupon, instead of requiring the lines to be altered so as to give greater floatation, the Admiralty postponed the commencement of the experiment in intention, it would seem indefinitely, in fact, until this year 1865. In the interval, it is true, the *Royal Sovereign* has been converted with striking success, and this, as is very frankly admitted, was only done on account of the outcry raised in the House of Commons after the first success of the original *Monitor*. The demand then was, not for a block-ship, but for a sea-going vessel, which the *Royal Sovereign* might have been if the Admiralty had chosen to rig her properly. However, we are promised now that the long-deferred experiment shall be tried and completed, if no unexpected delay should intervene, in the course of two more years. This is but one more illustration of the well-established maxim that the Board of Admiralty, like most other Boards, can never be got into motion except by severe and long-sustained pressure; and it should be a warning to the House of Commons never for one moment to relax its watchfulness or urgency.

The case of the dockyards is even more glaring than that of the fleet. If Lord CLARENCE PAGET had frankly told the House that Mr. GLADSTONE would not give him more than 20,000*l.* for Portsmouth, and 5,000*l.* for Cork, the excuse would have been at any rate honest; but there was something ludicrous in a sailor gravely telling an assembly which includes many eminent engineers and contractors that it is impossible to spend more than 5,000*l.* in the first year of a contract for making docks which are estimated to cost 150,000*l.*, or 20,000*l.* out of a million and a-half proposed to be taken for the vast works at Portsmouth. A similar excuse for the like sluggishness in enlarging the Yard at Chatham is still more absurd, because it is so far from being the first year of that undertaking that something like ten per cent. of the outlay has already been incurred. No one can wonder that Ministers should shrink from proposing larger votes than the vast sums which have been taken for the navy of late years; but nothing can be worse economy than to fritter away money in pretending to begin works which are wanted at once, and will be finished in the next century, or in constructing defective ships in place of vessels capable of carrying substantial armour and powerful guns.

LONG VOYAGES.

IN these days of extended travel, most Englishmen and many Englishwomen make, once at least in their lives, a long voyage, and a very curious experience it is the first time it is made. There is the Cunard route to New York, the West India route to St. Thomas's and the parts beyond, and there is the Peninsular and Oriental route to Egypt, and so on to India. Along these three routes a constant tide of English travellers is incessantly pouring. All three lines are well managed, though with varying degrees of excellence. On all three there are some steamers which the world cannot surpass, and on all there is the utmost possible attention to the safety, and some to the comfort, of the passengers. On all English habits and English order and discipline prevail, and Englishmen take the lead even if there happens to be a numerical superiority of foreign passengers. An Englishman has therefore an excellent opportunity of seeing what English management is really like, and what our social relations to foreigners really are. Briefly stated, the result is that the management is so good that foreigners are reduced to a condition of growing acquiescence. They complain bitterly of what they have to go through, their chief grievances being that they are not allowed to do anything comfortable on Sundays, and that they cannot get any clear soup. They also insist that long voyages in English ships are much duller than they need be, and that to be in a French ship is livelier and pleasanter. The truth is that Englishmen make the same complaint, and state that there used to be much more gaiety and sociability than there is now. Modern captains are accused of being spoilers of free and innocent pleasure. But modern captains are entirely engrossed with the one thought how to get their ship safely to its destination. Singing, and dancing, and charades on deck were very amusing, but these merry ships somehow were unfortunate. One misguided captain who had the privilege of carrying with him a portion of a celebrated *corps de ballet* improved his opportunity with such zeal that he was dancing very happily when his ship went on a rock in broad daylight, and with a perfectly calm sea. And it is not so very long ago that a vessel belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Company was lost in the Gulf of Mexico, and a very interesting account of the adventure was written by Mr. Parish Robertson and his daughter. It was a delightful trip. There was, as Miss Robertson wrote, choral singing and instrumental music, and the dearest of all possible captains, but unfortunately the vessel went on a reef off the shore of Yucatan. With a lady's enthusiasm,

she printed a manifesto stating that on general principles she was sure it could not be the fault of so delightful a person as the captain, and that a strange and temporary current must have put the vessel suddenly about forty miles out of its course. It was flattering to the captain that a lady should take so much trouble to justify him, but still the vessel was lost; and gradually one amusement after another has been abandoned, and now a thoroughly good captain is engrossed night and day with the sole occupation of seeing that all is well.

All merriment at sea is in fact very artificial, and soon fades away. If the captain sets a little gaiety on foot, and makes his junior officers do the honours of the ship, there is some chance of the passengers falling in with his humour; but otherwise, the passengers are very dull. They know they are dull, and rebel against it; but day by day it becomes more and more natural to be dull, and the mind accommodates itself to its situation. It is strange to what a state of somnolent idleness the intellect is quietly reduced, and how peacefully the change is borne. It does not at sea seem so hard, or so strange, or so inscrutable a dispensation of Providence as it seems on land, that thousands of human beings should be created to be cretins, and wear goitres all their life long. To be bored, and dreamy, and dreary, and to offer some little peculiarity for other passengers to notice, is the normal lot of the voyager. It is impossible to fill the time up at sea. No one but a Spanish American can bear to play at cards all day long, always saying the same things, always seeing the same combinations, always wearily counting gains or losses. Neither can most Englishmen smoke all day—or talk all day. There remain the two great resources of love-making and reading. But it is not every one who has an opportunity of love-making, or would wish to use it if it were given. Much as is said and written of flirtations on board ship, there are very few flirtations on any one vessel. The ladies who are not watched are very limited in quantity. Reading, therefore, is practically the best and easiest way of getting through the trial. But then it is difficult to know what books to read. If the book is a standard, sterling, difficult book, with valuable information and deep thought in it, the reader finds it hard to fix his attention and to understand what he reads, with so many sounds about him, so many smells to overcome, so many people knocking up against him, wanting a light or thinking he has got their chair. If he chooses a novel, and takes a good one or two with him, he is very happy as long as it lasts, but the pleasure is a very transitory one. The end of the longest novel is soon reached when reading it is the only available pursuit for ten hours a day. Any one, therefore, who can recommend the right sort of book to read at sea should do so, for it is a very valuable piece of information, and we think we can recommend exactly the right book. It is the *Trial*, by the amiable and accomplished authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. No one who has not tried can conceive how well the *Trial* harmonizes with the sea and the motion of the vessel. It is an account, as most of our readers will remember, of the fortunes of Dr. May's family after the Daisy Chain came to an end. It is curiously like the sea in every way. It is perfectly interminable. The end of the volumes now published is only like the horizon, an arbitrary and accidental limit; and the ocean stretches, as we know, far beyond, just as the history of the May family need never cease while its historian lives. The family fortunes of eleven children, each with a number of high feelings that have to be analysed, and of faults that have to be chronicled, corrected, and gradually overcome, with a possibility each of marrying and having eleven more children, with more high feelings, and more faults and more scruples, offer quite as wide a vista as the Atlantic. And the reader feels that the whole tone of things on board the vessel and in the book is the same. It is an atmosphere of small pleasures made much of, so that they seem, for the moment, great. Just as, if a sail comes in sight, the whole deck is alive, and telescopes are brought out, and different authorities pronounce that she is a clipper, a brig, a Yankee trader, a Dutch smuggler, or a Prussian man-of-war, so the reader of the *Trial* finds his sympathy excited by the minute triumphs and small successes of the May family. In one passage, a very leading and interesting female character, who occupies a position something like that of a heroine in a novel, announces to her friends that she has unexpectedly had a great blessing and glory and privilege allotted to her, and that she has, in fact, been allowed by the curate to play, during service-time, the Bankside harmonium. It is soothing to the mind and body to sit on a fine day on deck, and to feel the waves rocking the boat, and to hear the passengers go wild about a distant sail, and at the same time to follow leisurely the fortunes of the young Mays, and to take a wondering interest in the Bankside harmonium, and to feel a contented cretinism stealing over the soul.

To some unfortunate people, however, a long voyage means little else than the protracted torments of sea-sickness. Generally the majority of people are quite well, eat very largely, and are very particular, and even querulous, about their pickles. Most men are quite well, unless it is very rough, and of the minority a large number only suffer for the first day or two, or when the sea is heavy. Ladies are much more inclined to be ill, and as it is a curious fact that all servants are ill, and nurses especially are wholly useless, the sufferings of mothers who have to make a long voyage with young children are not to be described. But there are both men and women who are ill the whole time, and who never leave their cabins until the end of the voyage, when they turn up as quite new people to their

fellow-travellers, and bear in their looks abundant traces of the misery they have undergone. But it is possible that all this misery may be now at an end. If all that Dr. Chapman tells us in his interesting and able pamphlet on sea-sickness is true, there is to be no more sea-sickness. He has done away with it. He had before found out, as he thought, that icing the back would cure almost anything, and now he has found out that it will cure sea-sickness. The traveller is to get a tube of india-rubber, and have it filled with bits of ice about the size of a walnut, and when he feels sick he is to slip the tube down his back and lie on it. There are some practical difficulties in the way. It is not so easy, even on land, for a person in good health and perfect comfort to slip an ice-tube suddenly down his back; but for an invalid to do it in a heavy swell, and during the assaults of incipient sea-sickness, is a real gymnastic feat. It is not, therefore, surprising that, in the histories of different experiments which are given in the appendix, we should find that several of the patients say that the effects were admirable, so far as success was compatible with the ice-tube getting into an entirely wrong place, the ice melting at once, and a severe cold being caused by a wet shirt. However, when there is any attendant present who knows how to put the ice-tube on and to replenish it, the result seems wonderfully successful; and Dr. Chapman has been exceedingly fortunate in getting persons willing to try the system and physically fitted to profit by it. One lady, indeed, who was a great sufferer, consented to make an unnecessary journey across the Channel, "in the interests of science." She was something like a woman and a martyr. Conceive a person halfway between Folkestone or Boulogne, in a chopping sea, with fellow-sufferers all around her, and the smell that haunts the Channel boats fully developed, caring two buttons about the interests of science. But, as Thackeray used to insist, as the cream of his philosophical experience, the more you kick women the more they love you; and the gratitude and devotion of a lady who has been properly ice-tubed are probably boundless. The facts stated, however, are most encouraging, and perhaps the time may come when ice-tubes will be regularly sold on Dover pier; but just at first we imagine that most people will resemble one gentleman mentioned in the pamphlet, who was exceedingly interested in the statements made, and mastered the whole principle of the thing, and was so thoroughly converted that he decided to try the experiment immediately—on his wife.

On one day of the week the monotony of a long voyage is broken, for Sunday is not quite like other days. There is plum-pudding at dinner, and no cards are allowed, and the foreigners rebel. The ship's crew is mustered on deck and service is read. When, unfortunately, a clergyman happens to be present, he is asked to read the service, and he gives, unless he happens to have some sort of sense, exactly the same service as on land—the whole office, as in the Prayer-book, and then three-quarters of an hour of an essay on the character of Ishmael, as contrasted with that of James the Less. But if the lay world is left to itself, there is something very interesting and even touching in the service. The captain officiates, reading no more of prayers or sermon than he thinks his men can attend to; and it is thrilling to hear the prayer for escape from the dangers of the sea read by the man on whose skill and care and courage every one who listens depends for his safety. There is much, too, in a service read at sea by a captain which brings before us in a lively and forcible manner some of the chief causes of the supremacy of England in the world. There is a vigour and a reality in the English character as contrasted with that of such people, for instance, as the South American Spaniards, which is intimately connected with the fact that the English religion is a religion for laymen as well as for priests; while Catholicism, in its degeneracy, though not, of course, at its best, has come to be a religion almost entirely for priests and women. There are drawbacks to the English system, for it often results in lowering religion to the standard of the laymen who happen to be influential in any locality; but it gives a religious tone to the daily life of laymen which has a conspicuous effect, although it often takes no higher form than an anxiety to do professional duty honestly and thoroughly. It is absurd to suppose that every captain who reads the service because it is his business to do so is a religious man. But few captains do not so far consider the service important as to gather from it a determination that the ship shall be served as well as any one can serve it. This, it may be said, is a very temporal fruit of spiritual things, but the traveller who surveys mankind learns to be very thankful that spiritual things should have any fruit at all.

COUNTY GEOGRAPHY.

AMONG the boons which Mr. Lowe has conferred on national education may be reckoned the probable extinction of the study of geography as it has been hitherto taught in elementary schools. No great regret will be felt at this result in certain quarters, and probably the concoctors of the Revised Code, instead of feeling any misgiving on the subject, will take credit to themselves for having lopped off a great deal of flimsy and pretentious instruction. The country squire will chuckle over the abandonment of a branch of knowledge which propagated locomotive ideas among the labouring class, and had an indirect tendency to raise the price of wages. Now, though we deplore this among the many retrograde effects of recent Council Office legislation, it

cannot be denied that the teaching of geography had latterly been of a somewhat unpractical character. The certificated teacher, instead of endeavouring to make his instruction of a homely and serviceable kind, adapted to the children's circumstances, and turning on points which it most concerned them to know, was apt to view geography, no less than grammar and history, as an instrument for carving out for himself a grand local reputation. In most schools, we believe, there is once a year a set day on which the clever boys exhibit their cleverness in the presence of a gratified audience of parents and neighbours. They are put up to stand a battery of questions on an infinite variety of subjects. The gratified audience, being profoundly ignorant of the answers, and seeing their youthful relatives neither dismayed nor disconcerted, naturally assume that they are cutting a most creditable figure, and go home loud in praise of the contriver of this rich intellectual treat. An amusing story is told of a master who aimed at making the success of an occasion of this kind more complete by a careful rehearsal of the ceremony. Each boy was duly informed of what he would be expected to know, and, to prevent monotony, a representative question in each branch of study was to be introduced. One scholar was commissioned to exhibit the high efficiency of the religious teaching by a glib recapitulation of the plagues of Egypt; another was to expatiate on the cause of eclipses; a third was deputed to astonish the natives by a brilliant display of arithmetical fireworks; a fourth had a geographical, a fifth an historical, problem to solve. Unluckily, on the important day, there was one defaulter among the scholars; and, still more unluckily, the accident remained unnoticed. No sooner, however, had the examination begun than its disastrous consequences became apparent. The religious question fell to the boy primed with the scientific answer, and was dealt with according to his lights. The urchin appointed to crack the geographical nut found himself suddenly confronted by an insoluble historical puzzle. In short, the whole class toppled over like a row of nine-pins, and the discomfited pedagogue was forced at last to suspend operations, inwardly cursing the mischance, and mentally resolving to exact reparation out of the cuticle of the absentee.

There is now an excellent opportunity for placing the teaching of geography on a sounder and more sensible footing. The Revised Code has shattered to a great extent the edifice of geographical knowledge which teachers had constructed with so much care, and recalled them to their primary function of grinding the elements into the children of the poor. Unfortunately, the wheat has been torn up with the tares. The restless ambition of Mr. Lowe, and the secret cogitations of Mr. Lingen, did not permit them to adopt measures which, while removing its undeniable blots, should conserve the good of the old system. In too many instances, together with a mass of showy but superficial instruction, the life, the interest, the intelligence has gone from the school, to be succeeded by a dead level of mechanical routine. There is this advantage, however, about a clean sweep, that it leaves the ground more open for succeeding operations. Released from the obligation of teaching geography at all, a thoughtful teacher will see the wisdom of disarming the hostility of some future educational reformer by bringing that branch of instruction into closer keeping with the circumstances and requirements of the scholar. If, instead of surveying mankind from China to Peru, he began by giving the children a thorough knowledge of their own district and county, they would possess a far more useful store of information than the snattering of outlandish names which too often constitutes their stock of geography. Henceforward let Stow on the Wold and Hockley in the Hole take precedence of Timbuctoo and Nova Zembla. As against the Celestial Empire and the Melanesian Archipelago, Loamshire and Stonyshire have a prior claim on the attention of their youthful natives. If, after mastering the local details, they feel a curiosity to look abroad, by all means let the taste be encouraged. But let their geographical studies begin at home, and travel outwards. As it is, a minute acquaintance with the extremities of the world is quite compatible with a gross ignorance of immediate surroundings. The same boy who can rattle off like a well-taught parrot the most unpronounceable rivers in China, is often unable to tell the name of that on which his native town stands. He has every capital in Europe at his fingers' ends, but would be puzzled to name his own county-town. He can give a panoramic account of the islands he would leave on his right, and the capes he would skirt on his left, and the straits he would penetrate in a voyage from London to Sebastopol; but he is far less likely to know what market-towns he would pass in crossing from one side of his own county to the other. Anything beyond the bare nomenclature of the neighbouring localities he almost stares to be asked. The geographical features of his county, the character of its soil, the employment of its inhabitants, the remarkable men to whom it has given birth, the remarkable events which have taken place within its borders, the railways and canals which traverse it, its size, population, and boundaries, are all points of more use and more interest to the child of the labouring man than the physical features of any foreign country, or all of them put together. And yet they are points about which not one national schoolboy in ten is even decently well informed. Is this any proof of his stupidity? None whatever. It proves nothing against his intelligence—no more than a blissful ignorance of the contents of the British Museum and the National Gallery proves against the intelligence of many an educated Londoner. In the acquisition of knowledge there is always a tendency to overlook what is near us, around us,

under our very nose. We pass it by, as something not worth the trouble of picking up. It excites neither the curiosity nor the imagination like that which is far off and out of our reach. Hence it is that facts which are supposed to be generally known are precisely the facts which are least known. What challenges notice is apt to remain unnoticed; what is obvious and patent to all is disregarded by most. It is the contempt which is bred by familiarity which lies at the root of that ignorance of local and, so to say, domestic geography which we have pointed out. A foreign land, thousands of miles away, with a big name which strikes the bucolic ear as something magnificent, interests from its strangeness and the mystery in which it is enveloped. The pictorial method involved in teaching by maps adds to the fascination. The gorgeous greens and reds which shed a lustre on Russia or Brazil rivet the eye by a sort of magic spell. Very often the attraction is supplemented by an ethnological portrait-gallery, in which the representative Englishman looks remarkably tame by the side of the Boyard, Magyar, and Red Indian. Against all this pretty apparatus, which makes geography the most captivating study to a child, the despised home-landscape has no chance. Of all the regions of the globe, the least likely to be presented to Hodge as a subject of special instruction is the area of ten or twelve square miles in and about which his whole life will probably be passed. It never occurs to either teacher or scholar that there is a lesson in geography to be learnt from the weathercock on the parish church, the milestone on the village green, the brook at the bottom of the meadows. It may be said that it is too much to look for much power of observation in a child, and that it would be absurd to expect him, while scaring birds or minding the cows, to be inwardly revolving some geographical problem. We expect nothing of the kind. It is not the want of either intelligence or observation on the part of children that can be made the subject of reasonable complaint, but the omission on the part of their teachers to counteract the unobservant habit of childhood by specifically teaching their scholars about their own neighbourhood and district. In this respect there has been a deplorable misdirection of effort. The schoolmaster has overshot the mark altogether, and loaded the memory of his boys without imparting any useful or appropriate information, so that a Cambridge or Lincolnshire Fen lad is more likely to know the situation of Petropaulowski than a single fact in the history of that drainage to which he literally owes his *locus standi* as a juvenile Briton. It would be unfair to assume that the teacher alone is responsible for this result. No doubt he is not averse to making professional capital out of the geographical pyrotechnics of his scholars. But he would be more than human if he resisted that parental pressure which, in this particular as in many others, forces him towards showy but worthless instruction. Like any other producer, he must give satisfaction to his customers; and if they set their hearts on their sons knowing the configuration of the moon, he must comply with their wishes or retire.

As we have said, there is now a golden opportunity for effecting a reform in the teaching of geography. Either let it be altogether discontinued, or let it be taught henceforth upon a sounder and more rational principle. Among other reasons for discarding trashy ornamental geography, might not a high political one be adduced? In these days of absolute non-intervention, why teach the young idea about foreign parts at all? You are feeding a curiosity which may hereafter expand into a dangerous sympathy with oppressed Poles or slaughtered Danes. On the other hand, by narrowing the range of this branch of instruction, and bringing it nearer home, you not only better qualify the Englishman of the future for that attitude of cynical indifference to Continental affairs which, it seems, he is to maintain, but, what is of more moment, you teach him facts of which he will find, in after-life, the practical use. A fair knowledge of his own country, a thorough knowledge of his own county—this is all the geography that a labouring man's child need acquire. The county should be treated as a speciality. With a view to this, the necessary apparatus must be provided. Among the multifarious maps which adorn the walls of an elementary school, there is one which is conspicuous by its absence. There is hardly a country-house or roadside inn which does not exhibit a county map; but in schools, where it is most needed, it is never to be found. Europe, America, Palestine are there, but no Devonshire for the edification of the young Devonians, no Norfolk to be studied by the boys of East Anglia. The Ordnance maps would occupy too much space, and be too costly, to be generally introduced, and we are not aware that any school society has hitherto thought it worth while to publish a series of county maps. But any teacher possessed of moderate skill as a draughtsman may easily construct for himself, if he cannot obtain, a map that would answer all school purposes. A bare map would hardly be enough. To have a thorough knowledge of his county, a boy must know much more than its mere geographical features. There are its antiquities, its monuments, its trades, its exports, its historical events, its great men. To teach him all this, something in the nature of a manual of county history is wanted. Among the prolific crop of school-books annually published there is nothing of this kind. One can take one's choice of geographical text-books containing all sorts of statistics about foreign countries; but if any teacher wants to do so unusual a thing as to give his youngsters a lesson on their own county, he must to a great extent provide his information for himself. If he is a man of any energy he will easily do this, but it would be a great advantage if he had a suitable manual on the subject to refer to, and to place in his

pupil's hands. County histories are a class of works inaccessible, as a rule, to the mass of those to whom they might naturally be supposed to be most interesting. They are snapped up by book-collectors and archaeologists, and consigned to the shelves of their well-assorted libraries. And there they rest, making no one but their learned owners much the wiser. A little scholastic enthusiasm might easily popularize this comparatively unexplored department of literature. An abridgment of such a work as Blofeld's *History of Norfolk*, adapted for the use of children, and supplemented by modern facts and details, would be the best possible medium for introducing the young people of those parts to a complete and scientific knowledge of their own country. Again, the most useful and interesting geography for circulation in the West of England would be a compilation from Murray's *Handbook for Devonshire and Cornwall*. There must be many persons who combine the requisite local knowledge and literary skill to undertake the task of preparing a series of school-books of the kind we indicate. Among the country parsons who favour the public with their humorous and grave thoughts, there are many who combine a taste for archaeology with educational experience. If they will bring their local knowledge to bear upon the work which we suggest, and execute it well and sensibly, they will not only confer a lasting benefit on education, but, we venture to predict, will secure for the result of their literary labour a profitable sale.

THE WHITE GLOVE BUSINESS.

THERE are few subjects of contemplation more melancholy than the professional labours of those who make pleasure their profession. There is something very ghastly in pleasure pursued industriously for the sake of profit, and gaiety feigned for the sake of gain. The capacity for real pleasure appears to be on the decrease among the educated classes in this country, or at all events pulses beat more slowly, and spontaneous light-heartedness is more rare than it was in other times. No Englishman can have seen the life of foreigners of any race without becoming painfully aware of the cloud which, speaking of them as a nation, seems to brood over the spirits of our countrymen. In pleasures of a more serene kind, such as those which are furnished by the gratification of taste or intellect, we are not wanting. Nor, on the other hand, can we claim any exemption from the mastery which the pleasures of sense have established over all races of mankind. But there is a large intermediate species of pleasure which is neither coarse nor intellectual, which is produced by social intercourse, by animal spirits, by lightness of heart, by the play of conversation, by the attraction of sympathy. In foreign societies this kind of pleasure predominates over all others. With us it is rare and fitful, discernible, if at all, only at special periods of life, or in persons of an exceptional temperament. Coincidentally with this deficiency, perhaps in consequence of it, we sustain an enormous apparatus for the manufacture of this particular kind of pleasure. It may be that we are smitten with something like remorse for not being as lively as the rest of the human family; or we may be cherishing the belief that we shall eventually succeed in this as in all other forms of manufacturing skill, and that a knowledge of the true secret process is all that is at present wanting to our success. Whatever the cause, certain it is that our pleasure factories are on a scale of surpassing grandeur. Take the case of the inhabitants of the West End of London alone. No other nation in the world has anything like the London season for its lavish expenditure, the large number of people who take part in carrying it on, and the elaboration with which their lives are planned to suit its requirements. But the effort, however vigorously made, is, in effect, a vain one. Neither men nor nations can fly from themselves. A large body of English men and women seem to be living for nothing else but pleasure; but they cannot put off their nationality, and in the midst of all their chase after amusement they are business-like still. It is like any other occupation—a thing to be sadly, seriously, and sedulously followed; to be arranged with careful calculation, and to be pursued with conscientious industry. There is something rather grand in the ineradicable national belief that everything can be done by trying; and the virtues of perseverance and self-denial may be as conspicuously displayed in the gloomy resolve to practise light-heartedness as in any other kind of industrial effort. But it is only a splendid waste of energy. It is not in the nature of things that people can make themselves lighthearted by giving themselves up to a life of pleasure.

The motives of the various persons who come together to live what is pleasantly called a life of gaiety in this sombre town are probably diverse enough, and would furnish curious matter for dissection to a cynical philosopher. Pure pleasure may be allowed as the pursuit of a certain small percentage—the young, to whom the thing is new, and a few exceptionally constituted persons, whose minds have defied the depressing influence of English manners and the English climate. The people who have some vanity to gratify in appearing in society furnish a larger contingent. Women who wish to show off the beauty of their dress have been a mark for satirical comment in almost every age, and the fashion has been followed by writers in England as elsewhere. It is much to be wished that the subject-matter for such satire were produced rather more abundantly than it is. There is no want of the passion for display; but it is not the beauty of their dress that English matrons are chiefly anxious to parade. The form in which an evening dress seems to present itself to the mind of an

English lady is that of a milliner's certificate to the largeness of her husband's balance at his banker's. The certificate is framed upon sanguine principles, and would not be trustworthy in a commercial point of view; and the unlucky milliner often pays forfeit for a mistake in regard to the resources which she consents to advertise. But the value of the certificate in the eyes of the fair bearers has suffered no diminution. On the contrary, the pleasure of wearing a richer stuff, or more orthodox lace, or grander jewels than your best friends appears to grow keener every year. Men are happily subject to no such temptation, nor can it be said that they have ever invited it of recent years. If a man wishes to announce that he is rich, he takes it out in footmen or horses. The only aspiration for display by means of dress which the male sex have been known recently to indulge was a wish on the part of a certain section of soaring spirits, to exhibit the outline of their manly calves set off by scarlet stockings. But the class of men who take delight in their own calves is fortunately limited. The movement has broken down, and the ambitious legs have been compelled to return to the disheartening obscurity of the unflattering trowser. Among men, the desire for display finds little to satisfy it in a drawing-room. There is no opportunity for the exhibition of personal charms; and a reputation for *bonnes fortunes* is not as yet a road to much distinction in this country. The promising young man who has just come up from the University with a reputation, and who is coyly waiting to be captivated by the honied, or rather buttered, words of some ensnaring politician in crinoline, enjoys himself, no doubt, considerably. Being angled for is a delightful pastime, whose only drawback is that it must generally end in being caught.

The class which forms the largest contingent of labourers in the work of making festivity consists of course of those who are doing actual business in the matrimonial way, or are helping others to do it; and the small proportion who are doing it successfully may be said to enjoy themselves about as much as the careworn and anxious men who may be met shambling hurriedly along anywhere within five minutes' walk of the Bank of England. The larger class who are yet waiting for their turn of success furnish the heaviest and saddest of all the nummers in this masque of gaiety. The compassion of the hardest heart may be excited for mothers and daughters on whose honest labours fortune refuses to smile, and whose artificial spirits and haggard liveliness tell too plainly the tale of their ill-success. It is said that a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods to look upon. But a good woman struggling with unmarried daughters is a sight far more moving and pathetic. Most sorrows of the human heart have found some poet to ennoble them, and win sympathy for them even in their least ideal form; but no one has arisen to sing of the sorrows and trials, the early hopes, and the blighting disappointments of a fashionable mother in search of sons-in-law who will not come. At first it is all bright enough, while the young ladies still deserve the adjective, and almost any chance is within the range of possibility. Imagination peoples the future with a row of ducal heirs-apparent; the example of two or three well-known successful speculators in this line, who are now reposing under a trophy of five or six captured coronets, gives substance to every vision, however wild; and for a time the nightly labours of the season are encountered with genuine cheerfulness. Years roll on; sons-in-law of the rank and wealth expected will not come; and the mother, followed by an undiminished tail of daughters, continues to perform her nightly task with a despair becoming more and more confirmed as each season passes by. There is something very pathetic in the increasing acidity with which she comments on men and things, and the uncontrollable bitterness with which she receives the news of every successive marriage among her acquaintance. But she must go on. Though all hope is gone she must perform her inexorable duty in dignified despair. Her daughters, growing older and bonier every season, are beginning to feel that dressing more scantily does not entirely make up for advancing years, and will not hear of her relaxing her efforts. The time comes at last when the certainty of inevitable celibacy dawns upon their minds; and then her labours cease.

The unsuccessful speculators in the heir-market are necessarily the most familiar, because the most permanent, figures in that laborious throng which spends the hours about midnight in doing homage to some fashionable leader by squeezing past her. The more successful operators are, on that very account, more transient apparitions. If they reappear at all, they come more rarely, and do not impress the mind with that professional perseverance which is stamped upon the features of their less fortunate and still toiling sisters. But whether they are doomed to a brief or a lasting sentence of hard fashionable labour, their submission to it is intelligible enough. *Il faut vivre*. It is necessary to pay one's milliner's bills, and that cannot generally be done in the present day without the help of a husband. But there is another class whose motives for the unquestionably severe labour they constantly undertake are not so easy to divine. There is a class of fashionable men who are as indefatigable in their attendances at every kind of party as the A division of police itself. They are not there upon matrimonial business, for, though they are unmarried, they are not of a kind that any well brought-up dowager would look at. One of them, perhaps, might be accepted for the ugly girl of a successful family, especially if she was the only one left, and the mother was determined to get rid of her at any sacrifice. But they have become far too wary, by constant familiarity, to be taken in by the ordinary traps which the

experienced matron sets for greenhorns. They can flirt to the very edge of danger; but they know how to sheer off gracefully the moment they feel the temperature is getting warm enough to justify inquiries about "intentions." But they are not generally a quarry worthy of the aim of an ambitious sportswoman. Nor do their real duties consist of such frivolous occupations. They are the aides-de-camp of the fashionable leader; or, perhaps, it would be more just to say that they perform to her the part which in an Italian opera the chorus plays towards the heroine. They are always at hand at all festive opportunities, dressed in their best, ready to aid with their tongues if it be necessary, but generally ministering to her grandeur by appearing in strength on every occasion of importance. They are available men. They fetch, and carry, and do as they are bid—tell their good stories in the dull part of the room, or make conversation to the taciturn grande, who has been invited to be looked at, and looks bored under the process. In fact, they hold an intermediate place in that scale of creation in which the lord-in-waiting is at the top and the flunkey at the bottom. Their motives may at times be inexplicable; but from the business-like and unflagging diligence with which they ply their vocation, it is safe to conclude that they too have a profit of some kind to make out of the festivity.

THE CARNIVAL.

A SHORT time ago the Southern nations of Europe were amusing themselves after their fashion, which is, we need hardly say, singularly different from the traditional fashion of Englishmen. When we are at Rome, we contrive to do more or less as Rome does. We try to take part in the amusements of the place in the spirit in which a grown man condescends sometimes to play at cricket with schoolboys. We endeavour to conceal the fact, more or less awkwardly, that in our secret hearts we regard the whole affair as supremely childish. Masks, and pelting with sugarplums, and the various conventional devices for expressing an annual burst of exhilaration, may be all very well for foreigners. In moments of genuine or affected candour, we may go so far as to express a regret that pride or custom makes them impossible in the streets of London. We admit, with that curious modification of intense national pride which apes national humility, that we are too stiff or too stupid to transplant such delicate plants to our rougher climate. The old festivities which bore some analogy to them in England are becoming obsolete, or descending to the lower ranks of society. The fairs, which once gave excuse for local saturnalia, are being suppressed as nuisances. Even Guy Fawkes, the only mummery which still keeps some hold in our streets, is in imminent danger. His connexion, or presumed connexion, with the strong Protestant feeling of the country has preserved in him a precarious vitality. It even enabled him to regain some of his pristine splendour, when the Pope contrived, some years ago, to give a healthy fillip to the traditional Protestant fervour. But he is evidently gravitating towards a mummy-like existence in the pages of *Notes and Queries*. Our streets will soon exhibit a uniform dullness, harmonizing excellently with the national climate, from one year's end to another. And, notwithstanding a flimsy reaction towards the more picturesque tendencies of former years, we are all perfectly content at bottom that it should be so. As in other cases of profound belief in our national infallibility, there is doubtless much left out on the other side of the account; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that we are not far wrong. Even in its native home, the Carnival is an institution which requires to be galvanized into activity, and our incapacity for enjoying it is probably a sign rather of advance than of decay in any desirable qualities.

Various accounts may be given of our inaptitude for such amusements. There is, for example, the religious explanation, which would fit neatly into certain theories. Of course, as we are not going to fast, we have no motive for previous merriment. Our dullness before Lent is only one part of the shadow which fell upon us when we rashly cut ourselves loose from the ancient Church. In addition to the more serious disadvantages of heresy, there is the disadvantage that it makes our lives dismal and our manners colourless. It would be useless for the scoffer to reply that, on the whole, we make a good bargain in purchasing an exemption from the annoyance of a long fast by giving up a short and silly festivity. When you are no longer a schoolboy, you have not the pleasure of going home for the holidays, but then you are in no danger of being flogged. Such retorts do not reach those who have one key to every difficulty. A man who considers the Papacy as the centre round which the whole world turns, and measures the error of all courses by their deflection from its authorized standard, is impervious to argument. He is quite above verifying his deductions in any particular instance, and is content to assume that, somehow or other, all evils spring from the same fertile source. Those who have not trained their minds to look at everything from one point of view will seek for a more general cause. They will admit that our contempt for the Carnival is only one manifestation of certain national tendencies which are too deeply rooted to receive their explanation in any phase of opinion. Unfriendly critics will call us heavy and unimaginative. They will say that Englishmen are not only dull at receiving ideas, but dull at accepting any symbol of them. We are prosaic and brutal. We can look on at a prize-fight or a horse-race, because we like strong excitement as much as strong liquor. But the more delicate forms of art or social amusement which appeal to less

earthly minds fly over our heads. When we attempt to imitate them, we merely become coarse and vulgar. What in other countries is an innocent license, because no one takes advantage of it, gives rise in England to stupid practical jokes. We are like a blacksmith trying to carve a statue. Our hands are too hard and too clumsy for the instruments we handle. Englishmen, it is (very unfairly) said, cannot be admitted into a statue gallery without chipping off noses and scribbling their names on the marble. Englishmen in a carnival would not be content with mere mock fighting. Their innate brutality would display itself in broken heads and bloody noses, and furnish paragraphs for the next day's police reports.

This uncomplimentary way of describing the average of our fellow-countrymen has, of course, a complimentary counterpart. It is a "dyslogistic" description of a quality which has its good side. Men mean exactly the same thing when one speaks of the war in Poland as a struggle for liberty, and another calls it a struggle for law and order. Each means to say that the Russians are trying to put the Poles down, though one insinuates a supplementary approval and the other a disapproval of their conduct. In the same way, the man who describes the English as a brutal race refers to a quality which others would describe by some such flattering name as manliness or rough common sense. Terms used in self-adulation are apt to become somewhat flat and uninteresting, and the traditional epithets by which Englishmen flatter their self-complacency have as little point as most phrases of official admiration. The religious accounts of the matter may be paralleled by the political. In the last century, people used to say that the English were grave because they were a free race, and that the French enlivened their political bondage by a corresponding gaiety. It was supposed that our freedom oppressed us with a weight of affairs which were taken off the hands of other peoples by their despots. The aphorism was not very much more absurd than most political aphorisms. It is not improbable that the form of government may have some slight and indirect influence upon this national characteristic, though the share which most of us take in conducting the affairs of the country is not likely to weigh with oppressive force upon our spirits. It was, at any rate, pleasant to refer to our most forbidding aspect as an indisputable proof of national superiority. We were so very dull that we must be good and wise and free. This was a nice little commonplace to throw in the teeth of any sneering Assolant of the period. But neither this nor any other theory capable of being packed into one sentence is sufficient to account for the phenomenon. National character is formed from such a complicated interweaving of influences that, in endeavouring to account for its most trifling manifestations, we find ourselves entangled in interminable investigations. In order to discover why English judges do, and American judges do not, wear wigs, we should have to extract the whole essence of De Tocqueville's *Democracy*. A growing incapacity for enjoying such celebrations as the Carnival is a symptom, on the surface, of an indefinite number of internal changes. Giving up in despair the attempt to make a satisfactory analysis of its causes, we can still roughly estimate the good or evil of the incapacity as we find it. We may decide whether it gives more colour to the theory of our brutality than to the rival theory of our common sense; or rather we may decide towards which of these two poles a certain national characteristic, which has no neutral name, most nearly inclines. Of course, it is obvious that the Carnival is one of those amusements which presuppose an historic origin. No human being would hit upon such a means of social enjoyment now, or persuade other people to accept it. It would be too bold a proposal, that on certain days every one should descend into the streets with masks, and go through a series of saturnalia. It is one of those forms which must have grown up spontaneously, and come by degrees to be a matter of general understanding. It is an arrangement which could not be consciously and deliberately evolved, any more than the British Constitution. To our minds this is, to a certain extent, a presumption against it. In the first place, any traditional form of public rejoicing is apt to lose its point in the course of years; and, in the next place, any prescribed form is liable to become a bore in proportion to the elaborate nature of the scheme. There was once a time when the Lord Mayor's Show was a grand and impressive spectacle. The first officer of the first city in the world was quite right in going through the streets in solemn procession, with men in armour and symbolic representations. We now only regard with admiration the public spirit which enables a worthy magistrate to make himself ridiculous in order to maintain intact the most trifling observances of his office. Of course, we do not mean to compare the Carnival to this dismal and dilapidated remnant of former days, except in so far as they both preserve certain old-fashioned practices which are no longer the natural growth of the time. They both recall the period when theatrical exhibitions out of doors were the natural way of appealing to popular interest. But the Carnival merely gives an antique form to celebrations that have a certain amount of intrinsic fun, which certainly cannot be said for the Lord Mayor's Show. So long as the traditional usages can serve to express modern sentiments, they give a certain piquancy to the performance. If an Englishman wants to let off a certain superabundance of animal spirits, he may like a grotesque custom which excuses him for personating John Bull in the public streets and parading his national Murray and eyeglass. At the same time, this plan for being merry of malice preposse, and exhibiting your merriment in set form, is apt to exercise a damping influence upon the spirits. In propor-

tion as the change of social customs increases the effort necessary for putting on the appropriate frame of mind, the influence becomes still more depressing. Perhaps, in some future time, horse-racing may become a mere tradition in England; yet it may still be the custom for Englishmen to assemble annually upon Epsom Downs to go through the time-honoured performance of looking on at an apology for the Derby. Some unsubstantial and shadowy ceremony may occupy the centre of attraction, and serve as a faint excuse for gathering together the biggest crowd in the world. We fancy that, at that remote period, our descendants will begin to find it dull. Something of the same emptiness seems to us to pervade the present ceremony of the Carnival. It is beginning to be a forced expression of a fictitious sentiment, and, like other such exhibitions, it is beginning to become something of a bore. The Americans, according to Hosea Biglow, used to indulge in an annual "Cornwallis." So long as they were really excited about the surrender of Saratoga, it was probably rather good fun than otherwise to act the scene over again. If, however, they had contrived to remain at peace a little longer, they would have seen the ridiculous side of the performance too keenly to preserve it. Quiet citizens would have become as much ashamed of their annual appearance in military paraphernalia to celebrate a forgotten victory, as civilized Indians would be of going through the great bear-dance after adopting the coat and trowsers of ordinary life.

It may, of course, be argued that we are incapable of enjoying the antiquated form, not because it is too antiquated, but because we do not possess the substance which it is intended to clothe. And there is no doubt some truth in this. We are not so "amusable" as Southern nations, and we lose something by it. We have an undeniable disposition to allow popular amusements to be spoilt by rough horseplay, and the different elements of English crowds do not harmonize so agreeably as those of foreign nations. An appreciable minority of the British public is sometimes drunk on such occasions, and the majority are apt rather to encourage its demonstrations than otherwise. Perhaps we may balance the account by saying that, if there is less order in an English mob than in a foreign one, there is also, as a rule, rather more humour, and, when due occasion offers, a heartier enjoyment. However this may be, the fact that the old forms of popular celebrations have died out more thoroughly amongst us than amongst our neighbours is not in itself a bad thing. It saves us from being fearfully bored in making spasmodic attempts to be jovial; and, whenever we learn to mix our working days with the proper amount of innocent amusement—a consummation at which we have not yet arrived—we shall probably hit upon forms better adapted to the present state of society.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE Duke of Cambridge, who as usual filled the chair at the meeting of the Rifle Association, had even more than the ordinary measure of prosperity to announce. From the first, the Wimbledon meetings have been progressive in every important respect. Each year has produced more prizes, more competitors, and greater skill, and now the one regret which it has been customary to express—that the financial position of the Association did not quite correspond with its usefulness or its merits—has been rendered unnecessary by the satisfactory result of the campaign of last summer. Partly, no doubt, owing to the splendour of the weather, but in great measure also to the growing zeal of the riflemen of England, the total receipts of the Association rose last year to 16,000*l.*, and left a surplus of about 3,000*l.* to be added to the accumulated fund, which now almost reaches the respectable sum of 7,000*l.* With so solid a nest-egg in hand, the Council are perhaps justified in the confidence they express that, in spite of all possible mischances from weather or other influences, the financial position of the Association may be considered as established on a solid basis. If contributions were to decline or competitors to fall off, a few thousands would go but a small way towards filling up the gap; but the subscription list is longer than ever, and Wimbledon Common was thronged last year with denser and gayer crowds, both of riflemen and spectators, than it had ever seen before. There is little to wish for the Association except that it may always prosper as it has hitherto done, and little to be said of the recent meeting except that it passed off in the tranquil and good-humoured fashion which is so pleasant to directors and councils, and so natural when all are rejoicing in a common success. The Report of the Council for 1864, which appeared shortly before the meeting took place, was adopted without observation, and a general disposition seems to have existed to drop all the stirring controversies which enlivened former meetings almost more than was desirable, and which form the staple of the narrative published by the Council for the instruction of their brother riflemen. It is not, we think, to be inferred that enthusiasts as crochets as riflemen often are have suddenly come to an absolute agreement on all the points of detail on which they were accustomed to differ; but a very sensible feeling appears to have prevailed that it was worth while to secure harmony, even though it were at the cost of some trifling defects of management.

It is curious to note the contrast between the eager discussions of last year on what now seem very small topics as they appear on the freshly-printed pages of the Report, and the comparative tameness of last Saturday's proceedings. It is unfortunate, though perhaps inevitable, that the publication of the Report of one year's

transactions should be deferred to the eve of the next year's meeting. Though fairly enough drawn up by the Chairman of the Council, a narrative in which the rebellious suggestions of the rifle communally were sketched from the official point of view invited, though it failed to provoke, criticism; and in the present happy state of the relations between the Big-endians and the Little-endians of the Association, we may venture, without fear of doing mischief, to moralize on the history which the Council gives. For some reason or other, there was an unusual stir, about a year ago, in the minds of the more prominent and energetic of the great body of riflemen. A feeling prevailed among the more impatient that the Council of the Association were rather slow in adopting improvements, and very indifferently informed of the views of their constituents. There were, moreover, a great many moot-points bearing upon prize competitions which could only be satisfactorily settled by a fuller discussion among practical riflemen than was possible in the desultory conversations which occupied an hour or so every year at the meetings of the Association. To investigate all doubtful matters of practice, and to furnish the Council with a mass of well-digested information, a Conference of Riflemen was held, which was remarkable both for the eminence of its supporters in the rifle-world, and for the solid and business-like manner in which its conclusions were arrived at. Several rather decided innovations were almost unanimously recommended by the Conference, and it remained to be proved whether the executive of the Association would be disposed to consider these proposals, with a view to their final adoption if found satisfactory, or whether a jealous dread of losing the initiative, and the prestige which goes with it, would induce the Council to turn a deaf ear to all suggestions. The answer to this doubt is supplied by the history contained in the official Report. In some matters the views of the Conference have been adopted, but the attempt to press acknowledged improvements on a rather reluctant executive was not as successful as seems to have been expected. Looking back at the period covered by the Report, it is easy to see that this comparative failure was due to very obvious errors of judgment on both sides. The officials could not bring themselves to trust in an innovating party, even when they brought the gift of useful suggestions; while the reformers, on the other hand, in insisting that their proposals should be examined with the same impartial care as if they had sprung from within the Council, were, in fact, demanding an amount of magnanimity which, however proper in the abstract, it is idle to ask from any governing body, whether it calls itself a Council, a Cabinet, or a Board of Directors. The result was, that some of the most sensible recommendations of the Conference had no other effect than to drive the Council much further in the opposite direction than they themselves would have desired to go; and though there is no doubt that sooner or later the Council will follow the genuine public opinion of their constituents, the over-eager attempt to hasten their steps has undoubtedly met with little immediate success.

The movement, however, was not wholly without fruit. The two main subjects of controversy were the classification of rifles and the construction of targets. The present narrative, as compared with those of previous years, shows some progress towards a suitable classification, but the *résumé*, given in the Report, of the target controversy is a very amusing illustration of the failure which awaits enthusiastic reformers who forget to take account of the peculiarities of human nature. Even a rifleman can afford to smile now at the intense eagerness with which the Council and their critics discussed the momentous question whether targets ought to be square or round, large or small. At first the fortune of war was all on the side of circles. The Conference, with much reason, voted every other configuration absurd, and a sub-committee of the Council itself, presided over by Lord Elcho, unanimously reported that the concentric system was the right one. It was pretty well agreed, too, that the targets should be as large as practicable, but the Conference enthusiasts maintained that the customary height might be largely exceeded, while the Council as stubbornly insisted that six feet was a limit that could not be passed. A more minute point of difference could scarcely be imagined, but, after the precedent of Lilliput, it sufficed to keep the dispute alive. The democratic Big-endians were well advised enough to keep themselves technically in the right by demanding nothing but an experimental trial of their monster targets. The aristocratic Little-endians would not give either reasons or trials on compulsion, and stoutly insisted on the divine right of six-foot targets. "Were not all our targets," they asked, "from John-o-Groat's to the Land's End, six feet high, and would it not be sacrilegious and even costly to change them?" "Nothing of the sort," replied the Big-endians, "for if you will only look at our targets, and the bills we have had to pay for them, you will see that the change will diminish instead of increasing expense." But to look at what had been done was precisely what the Council resolved not to do, and the question of size was officially declared not to be an open question. The oddest episode, however, was yet to come. Until the difference arose about the size of the targets, the Council had determined that the divisions should be as nearly round as was compatible with the sacred limit of six feet. The Conference wanted them rounder still, and, to punish them for their contumacy, it was ultimately resolved to make the targets squarer than ever. This, if a little splenetic, was not wholly without a plausible excuse. The fact was, that neither the Council nor the Conference had yet carried with them the great mass of the Volunteers, for the simple reason that only a

very small percentage had seen any of the proposed substitutes for their accustomed targets, and the rest had no particular desire for change. Based upon this state of opinion, a very ingenious plan was adopted for obtaining what might pass for a popular decision on the subject. Out of the eighty targets at Wimbledon, two pool-targets were allowed to be constructed on the new plan, and it appears from the Report that these were very popular, and that their only fault was one (the absence of sound) which might have been easily remedied if the importance attached to it had been known. At the time of the July shooting, however, the controversy had not subsided, and the problem for the Council was how to procure a condemnation of targets which, as the report says, was very popular with those who tried them. The obvious method was to take a vote from those who had not tried them, and as these constituted the vast majority of the Wimbledon assemblage, especially while the Queen's Prize contest was going on, it was clear that a meeting got together without notice of the object in view, and carefully guarded against any information from those who had tested the new experiments, might be trusted to vote in favour of the only targets which they knew anything about. The account given in the Report of the execution of this plan is deliciously naïve. After stating that "an important meeting" was held in front of the Clock Tower, where the Chairman of the Council alone addressed the assembled multitude, the Report proceeds thus:—"Notice of the meeting was purposely only posted a few hours before it took place, and its object was not mentioned, the intention being not to have a discussion, but to obtain from those assembled a clear, distinct, and unbiased expression of opinion upon the matter submitted to them." Of course the meeting, on being suddenly asked by Lord Elcho, declared in favour of the old ways; and this dexterous appeal to uninformed universal suffrage is treated in the Report with as much solemn reverence as a French Préfet would exhibit when recounting the triumph of the official candidate in his department.

Perhaps this was carrying the joke too far; but the interest of this curious little controversy consists, not, of course, in anything of such moderate importance as the shape or size of a target, but in the light which it has thrown on the relations of the Council of the Association and the Volunteer world. It is quite clear now that no great objection is felt to a little stretch of Imperialism on the part of the Council. Even the manipulation of universal suffrage, according to the Napoleonic model, is thought rather a good joke; and after the successful *coup d'état* of the Clock Tower meeting, the Council need be under no apprehension of a desire on the part of any one to undermine their authority. Their former reluctance to act, even upon suggestions which they had themselves approved, no doubt sprang from a wholesome dread of encouraging too meddling a temper in the minds of a confiding people; but now that the absence of any treasonable disposition has been sufficiently proved by the docile submission of the multitude, a paternal government may fairly be expected to occupy itself in re-discovering the improvements which it was afraid to accept at the hands of critics who showed more zeal than worldly wisdom. The constitutional method of influencing the course of the Council by open discussion has been found distasteful to the authorities, and has been frankly abandoned; and it may be hoped that secure and triumphant absolutism will be tempered by the intelligence which the Council have always displayed, and the good temper which they invariably show when they get their own way without question or dispute.

CAUTION TO CANDIDATES.

AT first sight, and when not too close at hand, the prospect of an electioneering campaign in a monster borough is eminently exhilarating to anybody who happens to be naturally fond of noise and excitement. The earliest candidate in the field has generally an exceedingly pleasant time of it to begin with. Everybody is very anxious to hear what he has to say for himself, and very willing to promise him provisional support. The number of people who like shaking hands with an aristocratic candidate would be most encouraging if shaking hands meant voting. The applause at the first few meetings convinces the misguided novice that he is going to walk over the course, and the cordiality with which people will pass resolutions that he is a fit and proper person quite persuades him that they really think so. But alas! the sky is speedily overcast, and the real business too soon begins in earnest. The more lively of the electors may for a time flirt pretty heavily with the sanguine candidate, but the stern Radical mamma will take care that they don't seriously compromise themselves. These flirtations are unspeakably charming while they last, and the most callous bystander may well be sorry when the hapless youth is asked what are his intentions about equal electoral districts, manhood suffrage, capital punishment, and the purchase of commissions.

Captain Grosvenor has had an exceptionally short flirtation. His graceful dalliance with Liberal principles and Liberal electors in Westminster has been interrupted with a rudeness and a promptitude that must have given him a severe shock. Never again will he threaten to kick his cousin Jonathan into the middle of next week, nor declare himself ready for any lot, nor jocularly allude to his weakness of Sunday napping. He must look back upon his humorous performance of only a fortnight ago very much as a suitor, doubtful of success, looks

upon his pretty sayings to his love when he is just going to ask for her father's consent. When the study-door is shut and the young gentleman is tranquilly asked about his means, it is astonishing how pale and foolish all his little jokes and complimentary speeches seem in his eyes. When Captain Grosvenor found himself face to face with the Westminster Radicals on Wednesday night, his previous ideas of the nature of the British elector evidently expanded. The light and easy way in which he had, on the former occasion, repeated his little Liberal catechism was not by any means so satisfactory as he had hoped. The audience had laughed very heartily, it is true, but the roars of an elector are as treacherous as the smiles of Horace's Lydia. Behind the grinning Liberals were Radicals gnashing their teeth. The young lady is quite contented with an ardent curate who has ninety pounds a year, but her mother despises and abhors him. The light-minded Liberal is quite happy when his candidate patters glibly through the regulation list of credos. Abolition of Church-rates, Parliamentary Reform, non-intervention, and Palmerston, are amply sufficient for his humble desires. But the Radical duenna of the constituency must be propitiated with more abundant gifts than these, and without the countenance of the duenna it is impossible to carry the day. The meek Liberal frog is fain to blow himself out to the dimensions of the snorting Radical ox. The man of fashion in want of a seat, and whose family happen accidentally to be of the Whig persuasion, is forced to ape all the convictions, and swallow all the enormous boluses, of the demagogue. The predicament is awkward, and the results may possibly rather damage the candidate's sense of self-respect. It is clear, however, that unless a man is prepared to encounter all this, he ought not to stand for Westminster. With very unwelcome candour, one of the speakers told Captain Grosvenor that his views were thoroughly crude and uninformed; but on the whole it is difficult to see that the hard-pressed candidate had left behind him any of the stock properties of his part, or forgotten any of the commonly telling stage business. A slight allowance being made for inexperience and nervousness, he said what he had to say with the usual glibness. His logic was not always sound, nor his consistency always unimpeachable. He was in favour of the abolition of Church-rates, still "he would never consent to deprive the Church of a single sixpence." He strongly disapproved of the principle of the ballot, still "he must under all the circumstances adhere to the old and traditional policy of the Liberal party." He was convinced that the war in America had proved the failure of all democratic institutions, but for all that he should advocate household suffrage. Because democracy has failed in the United States, we are at once to infuse a strong democratic element into our own institutions, and because a certain measure belongs to the traditional policy of a party, therefore we must support it in spite of our sincere disapproval. Crudeness, after all, is a very singular epithet to apply to talk of this sort. If a man avowedly sees which is the better course, and approves it, but follows the worse, it is as absurd to blame him for being crude as it would be to blame a man for being crude who got tipsy on teetotal principles, or because his father before him got tipsy.

Crude or not, Captain Grosvenor's humble stock of political wares was overhauled with the profoundest suspicion by a Mr. Beale, who seemed to be the spokesman of the "advanced" party. If Captain Grosvenor had been offering a bundle of his old clothes for sale, and Mr. Beale had been a professional dealer in them, he could scarcely have shown more bitter contempt and distrust of the quality and durability of the articles before him. He held Captain Grosvenor's notions up to the daylight of pure Radical reason, and pointed out scornfully how frayed and threadbare was their texture, how antique and old-fashioned their cut, how buttonless they were. And it must be confessed that they presented rather a shabby appearance beside the spick-and-span novelties which the orator brought forward on his own account. Mr. Beale will have nothing to say to a candidate who is not ready to support equal electoral districts, the substitution of direct for indirect taxation, and all the other ingenious devices for throwing all the power into the hands of the masses and all the burdens upon the shoulders of their betters. "Why, if your uncle," exclaimed Mr. Beale, with a slight approach to personality, "were made to pay fairly on his presumed income of 360,000*l.* a year, we in Westminster should not have to pay duty on tea, sugar, or tobacco." It would have been as well perhaps if Mr. Beale had shown on what grounds the Marquis of Westminster should be called upon to pay part of the grocers' and tobacconists' bills of Mr. Beale's friends. "Is it just that the Marquis's income from land, which is worth thirty years' purchase, should be taxed at the same rate as my trade income, which may cease to-morrow?" Mr. Beale conveniently forgets that if the income ceases to-morrow the tax will cease to-morrow too; and when he capitalizes the income, he ought to capitalize the tax too. There may be good reasons for taxing terminable and perpetual incomes on two different scales, but they certainly do not rest on arithmetical grounds. It was rumoured at the meeting that Mr. J. Stuart Mill had already expressed his willingness to contest the seat; and if it be so, we can only hope that his supporters will pay him the preliminary compliment of reading his books. If Mr. Beale had familiarized himself with the *Political Economy* of the philosopher whom he so elaborately eulogized, his remarks on taxation would have been a little less extravagant. And in other respects one is a little puzzled to see how Mr. Mill and the noisy one-eyed Cyclops of Westminster Radicalism would agree together. Mr. Mill, if we may judge from his books, would not

support the ballot, nor equal electoral districts, nor an equalized franchise. And what would the Cyclops say to that intricate scheme which finds such high favour in Mr. Mill's eyes for protecting the educated minority against the tyranny of the mass? Captain Grosvenor is not to be returned unless he gives "distinct and specific pledges." Will Mr. Mill be equally bound to swear allegiance to Mr. Beale and his party, and equally content to go to Parliament, not as a representative, but as a mouthpiece and delegate? But all this, as well as a great deal more that is interesting, will be disclosed when the election comes. Meanwhile the unhappy Captain Grosvenor has to go on saying his shrivelled little catechism night after night to meetings that are no longer enthusiastic in his behalf, and to submit to ceaseless bullying because, like the French Emperor, he is *le neveu de mon oncle*. After all, one cannot help being rather sorry for a guardsman who has to sit by and look immensely pleased when a popular orator is denouncing, amid overwhelming applause, the system of purchasing commissions in the army. "Let me live in a country," said Mr. Beale, "where the plough-boy is conscious that by merit and valour he can win the bâton of the field-marshal!" This was the hit of the evening, and the honest peaceable artisans and thriving tradesmen applauded the glowing sentiment till they were hoarse. Unless Captain Grosvenor specifically and distinctly pledges himself to advocate promotion to the highest ranks in the army without purchase, he falls short of the Westminster standard.

But the most remarkable qualification demanded in a popular candidate is that he should be a warm partisan of the Northern States of America. "The honourable and gallant gentleman was altogether wrong in his sympathies in favour of the South." "Whoever was in favour of the South was in favour of slavery." And if anybody was in favour of the South, he was also in favour of repressing the labouring population in our own country. This syllogism was urged with extraordinary persistency, and the general sense of the meeting seemed to be in accord with the speaker. This comes of Captain Grosvenor's elegant and appropriate talk of "kicking his cousin Jonathan into the middle of next week." The rash candidate must have known that speedy retribution must follow so very gratuitous an intrusion of a topic which is utterly unrelated to the question of a man's fitness to represent Westminster. The oddest thing is that the party which is loudest in favour of non-intervention is most vehement in its menaces against anybody who refuses to declare himself a partisan of either side in a civil war in a foreign country. It must be admitted that a candidate who insists on proclaiming his partisanship as something relevant to the issue of an English election may justly be rejected by the partisans of the other side. But why intrude the purely internal affairs of America into Westminster canvassing? Why should the British House of Commons be chosen on a question which concerns nobody but the Americans? This despotic intrusion of their private and personal fanaticisms into the election may be expected from furious partisans of the stamp of Mr. Beale. But it is to be hoped that candidates will rigorously decline to discuss the mutual rights and wrongs of North and South on English hustings. Captain Grosvenor has, unluckily, so uncommonly little to say that he has nothing for it but to forage far and wide for subjects. Still he should confine himself to good honest sentences, ending with "the great and eternal principles of civil and religious liberty," or "the trust and confidence which every right-thinking man must feel in the wisdom and temperance of this great people of England." This is very gratifying to the audience, and it does not compromise him too gravely. It is to be feared, however, that before the election is over, Captain Grosvenor will often sigh for the easy slumbers of his youthful days. The mournful career of this rash young Phaeton, who has attempted to guide the car of Westminster democracy, may serve as a warning to equally ambitious and equally inefficient aspirants.

THE SAFFRON-HILL MURDER.

WE are ready to admit that the trials of the two Italians connected with the murder of Harrington are memorable and instructive, and we concur in the observation that there has been a miscarriage of justice. But when we are asked to go further, and to congratulate ourselves, with the *Times*, that "a guilty man has been duly punished and an innocent man saved from the gallows," we hesitate. Although the details of the case are tolerably familiar, it may be well to give a brief summary of the Saffron Hill murder. On Boxing Night, as it is called—St. Stephen's Day, as the Italians more religiously term it—a row occurred in a public-house on Saffron Hill, which took the form of a national contest. The neighbourhood is colonized by Italian gilders and barometer-makers, and it is the *quartier* in which Mr. Negretti of Hatton Garden, the instrument-maker, keeps his head shop, and where most of his workmen live. The Italians and English celebrated their Christmas *more majorem*; the sulky islanders took to sticks, the irascible Italians to knives. Who began the fray is of course doubtful; but in the course of it, while three or four Englishmen were wounded, one Harrington was stabbed to death by a single blow from a knife. There is no question that this blow was dealt by an Italian. One Pelizzioni was tried for the murder. A number of witnesses distinctly swore that he was the only person in the room when the fatal blow was struck. It was proved that, till he entered the room, knives were not drawn; and the murdered man, in the

agonies of death, distinctly identified Pelizzioni as his murderer. Another witness who was wounded swore that Pelizzioni also stabbed him; and one of Pelizzioni's own witnesses with equal confidence swore that he saw him deal a back-handed blow, upon which Harrington fell. It must, however, be borne in mind that these witnesses, each and all of them, were English. To rebut this evidence, a vast number of Italians—and, with the exception just specified, of Italians only—were called for the defence, who, though not present in the room when the murder was committed, expressed their belief that it was not Pelizzioni, but his cousin, one Gregorio Mogui, who stabbed Harrington. The jury convicted Pelizzioni, and, in passing sentence of death, Baron Martin observed, "not only that it was impossible for the jury to come to any other conclusion," but that "the evidence was about the clearest and most direct that he had ever known." He especially remarked that Pelizzioni's own witness, "who might be supposed to have a favourable disposition towards him, and to be desirous to make out a case for his innocence, confirmed every syllable of the case against him, and told the exact tale which the prosecution proved"; and he concluded by remarking—"I am as satisfied as I can be of anything that Gregorio Mogui did not inflict this wound, and that you did."

Here the matter might have been supposed to have been concluded. Not so thought Mr. Negretti, the head and patron of the Italian colony in the liberties of Holborn. The hint thrown out at the trial, that Mogui dealt the fatal blow, was eagerly followed up. And the suggestion had at least this basis of fact, that Mogui unquestionably used his knife, and used it freely on the occasion. If Mogui stabbed his enemies right and left, he might have stabbed Harrington. No doubt he might, but did he? This was what Mr. Negretti set himself to prove. Mogui, immediately after the fray, knowing very well that he had stabbed somebody, absconded. He was traced to Birmingham by Mr. Negretti, and there, according to this gentleman, confessed that he, and not Pelizzioni, had stabbed Harrington. Mogui was thereupon arrested, brought to London, and charged by Mr. Negretti personally with the murder of Harrington. He was committed, and after the Grand Jury had amended the charge into one of manslaughter only, he was tried, by a mixed jury, convicted of the lesser offence, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Here, then, was a complication. On the charge of dealing a single fatal blow with a knife two persons were convicted—one for murder, one for manslaughter. It is unquestionable that they could not both have done that which two separate juries pronounced them to have done. If Pelizzioni struck the blow, Mogui could not have struck it, though he might have dealt other stabs to other people. If Mogui stabbed Harrington, then was Pelizzioni entirely innocent. And this is what the second trial went to establish. The whole conflict, therefore, is between the evidence given and the verdict delivered on the two trials. Which of them is to stand? We have seen what the general character of the evidence convicting Pelizzioni was, and how Baron Martin estimated it. Let us now glance at the testimony produced on Mogui's trial. And here it is, on the front of it, to be remarked that, reversing what occurred on the first trial, the evidence implicating Mogui came from the Italians only; and that, to a certain extent, it was, if we may so say, collusive. Mogui had confessed his crime—that is, the crime of stabbing, and this with the avowed purpose of getting off his cousin Pelizzioni. All the witnesses for the prosecution were, in fact, witnesses for Pelizzioni's defence; and the real and substantial issue raised was, not Mogui's guilt, but Pelizzioni's innocence. The prosecution, therefore, had it all their own way. Mogui employed no counsel, and the consequence was that some of the witnesses on whose evidence Pelizzioni had been convicted were not summoned. Had they been produced, they would have sworn on the second trial what they swore on the first—that the crime charged against himself by Mogui, and endorsed by his compatriots, was actually committed by Pelizzioni; and Mogui must therefore have been acquitted. Nor is this the only defect which taints the second trial. Mogui's alleged confession had really nothing to do with Harrington's death. All that he confessed was, that on the fatal night he ran amuck with his knife, stabbing and slashing right and left. And this was certainly all that was proved on the trial. Three, if not four persons, were stabbed; and one of them, Harrington, was stabbed mortally. Mogui was seen using his knife freely; but this did not show that no other knife was used, nor did a single witness pretend to say that he saw Mogui deal that one particular blow by which Harrington fell. But there was direct evidence that Pelizzioni was also using his knife. The potman, Rebbeck, says, "Pelizzioni stabbed me on my right side." If the matter had stopped here, there was at least as much likelihood, even on the evidence of those who came for the purpose of exculpating Pelizzioni, that he, and not Mogui, killed Harrington. The direct evidence brought against Mogui, or rather suggested by Mogui against himself, only rendered it possible that he might have been the murderer; and this possibility Mr. Negretti proceeded to turn into a certainty by Mogui's confession—which, as we have seen, was no confession at all as regards the only material point—that he killed Harrington. It would, of course, reflect less on the Italian community in Hatton Garden that one of their number, in a brawl, had unfortunately killed somebody, under circumstances of gross provocation, and had been condemned to a few years' imprisonment, than that one of them had followed Müller to the gallows. We must, therefore, venture to pronounce that the evidence and

trial in Mogui's case exhibited traces of management, and that the prosecution was only nominal and fictitious.

The two trials being concluded—one of which, by direct evidence of the clearest kind, had convicted Pelizzioni of murder, and the other, by no evidence at all, had pronounced that somebody other than Pelizzioni had committed manslaughter—the two verdicts came for review and adjustment before Sir George Grey. Pelizzioni was a convicted murderer; had the second trial absolved him? It had, because it pronounced that not he, but somebody else, had slain Harrington. Here, then, Sir George Grey had to make his choice. It was open to him to take either verdict and act upon it. What he has done is to respite Pelizzioni during Her Majesty's pleasure. If—which, however, we can scarcely believe—this decision is intended to be final, we should like to hear on what grounds it has been arrived at. If it is in consequence of Sir George Grey's complete and entire concurrence with the verdict on Mogui's trial, Pelizzioni must receive a full, free, and unconditional pardon. But if Sir George Grey thinks proper, after his usual manner, to say, as he said in Townley's case, that the guilt of Pelizzioni is not absolutely disproved, and that he really does not know who was the murderer, and considers it better to inflict a modified punishment on each of the two possible slayers of Harrington, then he will adopt the view thrown out by Judge Byles, that all the Italians were acting in concert, and that the consequences of using the knife would be visited on all who were proved to have drawn it. This view is open to the Home Secretary should he intend, after all, to commute Pelizzioni's sentence into penal servitude. Or, again, it is open to him to say, as has been suggested, that in respiting Pelizzioni he has not taken the second trial into consideration at all; but that, on a general consideration of the case, and with reference to the possible provocation offered, and the character of a tavern brawl, the crime in his judgment, though proved, hardly came up to that of murder. We could wish, for the credit of the Executive, that this were Sir George Grey's apology for the course which he has taken. Simply to set aside the first verdict, and to supersede it by the second, would be not only a serious tampering with justice, not only an unwarrantable censure on the judge who tried Pelizzioni, but an intellectual, as well as moral, blunder. For, on the first trial, there was direct evidence of the clearest kind; on the second trial, there was absolutely no evidence at all. Still the whole case only presents a forcible illustration of the evils of our present criminal practice. Here are two trials, concerned with the same event, ending in contradictory, or at least inconsistent, verdicts, and affirming irreconcilable issues. Here is testimony against testimony; jury against jury; verdict against verdict. The Home Secretary, after some or no inquiry, conducted nobody knows how or when or where, with or without communication with the respective judges who presided over the trials, has come to some conclusion—what it is nobody can say—which may be in accordance with the first verdict, or with the second, or with both, or with neither. It would be difficult to suggest any proceeding more likely to bring criminal law into contempt than the history of the Saffron Hill murder.

WATER.

FORMERLY it was not uncommon to find persons in the interior of England who had never seen the sea. Now it would not be difficult to find in the densely populated seats of industry persons who have never seen a river—we mean a river in that unpolluted state which might enable the observer to understand the allusions which occur in poets to one of the most beautiful of nature's features.

*Amnis, arundinibus limosas obsite ripas,
Ad dominam propero, siste parumper aquas!*

The modern river is lined along its slimy banks with dead cats and dogs, and, as Lord Robert Montagu would say, with different substances clinging to its sides; and the slime possesses properties which would render it highly inexpedient for any lover to venture to cross the river-bed on a visit to his mistress. In the great towns of the North they have some talent for making the best of a bad job, and accordingly—as they cannot, under the existing law, prevent the defilement of their rivers—they keep them as much as possible out of sight, by building high parapets to the bridges where streets cross them. If any visitor makes the effort requisite to look over one of these parapets, it can only be said that he has himself to thank for the shock which he sustains. The ordinary sewage of a town, although sufficiently disgusting, is not really the most obnoxious element which these streams contain. Every kind of liquid refuse from every kind of manufactory is poured into them, and besides, it is a common practice to take water from a river cold and return it hot—a practice which must, as one would suppose, have long since extirpated even those kinds of fish which thrive in filth. A proposal was lately made to divert one of the sources of the Thames, and lift a stream over the water-shed, to supply Cheltenham, which stands in the valley of the Severn, with drinking water. The pretext for this proposal was that the Severn has become so polluted by the drainage into it from several large towns which lie along it, that its water cannot be safely used for drinking. It would be interesting to know if any of the local guide-books can inform us where now dwells that "Sabrina fair" who in Milton's time was supposed to sit "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave." Has she been driven, as the teetotalers are like to be, to take to spirits for

lack of water, and does she sit at the bottom of a cask of Old Tom, amid the flaring gaslight of a bar-room in some busy town upon her dishonoured river's bank? It is to be hoped that the teetotalers will forthwith range themselves, if they have not already done so, among the supporters of Lord Robert Montagu, for although it may be true that—

The pure element
Was for the belly meant—

it would be extravagant to assert the same of water taken from the Thames or Severn, containing, as Lord Robert is kind enough to inform us, six-sevenths of "putrefying matter" in solution, and one-seventh in suspension; or, in other words, six-sevenths of filth which cannot, and only one-seventh of filth which can, be got rid of by filtration. The teetotalers have done some very foolish things, and here is an opportunity for them to do a wise one, by supporting whatever efforts may be made towards protecting the supplies of drinkable water from further contamination. If considerable efforts are not made by somebody, this country will be reduced to a condition similar to that of Holland, where, if nature had not benevolently provided a fluid called schiedam, the inhabitants would have nothing to drink whatever.

The discussion of the Bill upon this subject, brought into the House of Commons by Lord Robert Montagu, is likely to do good, particularly as any Bill so brought in is certain not to pass. Let private members agitate upon this question as much as they please; but when it comes to legislation, let us have the responsibility of Government, assisted by the best legal skill that can be made available. If amateur draftsmen get to work upon this difficult subject of water-rights, chaos will be nothing at all to the confusion they will create, and the regular professors of the law will be provided with a comfortable annuity out of the consequent litigation. But let Lord Robert Montagu insist, in season and out of season, that our rivers are becoming sewers, and that fish are disappearing from them, and let him denounce the apathy of the Home Secretary, who "continues to sit with folded arms"—not even possessing, as it would appear, sufficient energy to disengage one of his hands and raise it to hold his nose. Let us have, if necessary, another Committee to ascertain the exact number of rivers that have, up to this time, become "absolutely poisonous," and let that statement be supported by "details of a nauseous character." And let not the noble Lord be daunted by the objection of Sir George Grey, that "he had mixed up various subjects in his speech." Truly this is dark and dirty work, but with hope and perseverance there are light and purity to be won. Let Lord Robert Montagu encourage himself by the example of that poet who, after his plunge into Fleet Ditch, mounted far off among the swans of the Thames at a time when that river could not be described as the receptacle of the sewage of fifty towns. It has been made perfectly clear by the debate of Wednesday, that the people of this country are likely all to die of cholera, except those who keep themselves alive by drinking brandy. The disease of our forefathers was that of having too much blood, but now every one is in a low condition, and requires quinine and stimulants. The Board of Health is of opinion that this low state of health drives people to the spirit shop, so that here is official sanction for the practice of taking a dram to cure what ignorant persons call "a sinking." The worst part of the case is, that this Board of Health, which thus sanctions the principle of pouring the spirits down to get the spirits up, has itself brought about the evil for which it is now forced to approve a dubious remedy. A few years ago, enthusiastic apostles of progress were exulting in the near approach of a millennium of water-closets. The old and barbarous arrangement, which need not be more particularly described, was declared to be incompatible with the intelligence and refinement of the age. Everywhere house-drainage was improved; and the more it was improved the greater became the difficulty of disposing of the proceeds. At first it appeared an easy matter to turn all the drains into the nearest river, and inform complainants further down that "large quantities of solid matter" came to them in the regular course of things. But it soon appeared that the Court of Chancery was ready, on application by aggrieved landowners, to grant an injunction to arrest the course of nature. Thus the Local Boards of Health had got their sewage, and could not tell what on earth, or under earth, to do with it. Lord Robert Montagu, with some cheerfulness, deduces from these premises the ultimate conclusion that we must adopt the Chinese system, where "not one item of refuse is wasted," and of which system travellers have supplied some details which are usually considered disagreeable. It is expected that, when this system gets to be perfectly applied in England, there will be no importation of foreign corn, which has always caused the decline of nations, and that not only every rood, but every square yard, of land will maintain its man. If we could adopt Lord Robert Montagu's point of view, we should be able to conclude that every individual, however idle and thriftless, is worth something; but it is difficult to become enthusiastic upon the subject of sewage-manure. Without, however, rising to the height of considering sewage as a blessing, we arrive at nearly the same practical result by treating it as a formidable and ever-increasing evil. A river in Lancashire is covered with a black scum so thick that birds can walk upon it. The Clyde is in a still worse state. The evil is almost as great in agricultural as in manu-

facturing districts. Thus the Exe "does not contain any fish," and at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, a fever always hangs about the place, which is ascribed to the same stream being used both as recipient and source. What has become of the otters which gave their name to the river does not appear. Probably they are gone the same way as the fish. Mr. Bright says that fish are of small account compared with mines, collieries, and dye-works, and so they are; but human beings are not, and where the fish die the water cannot be safely drunk. Mr. Bright would appear not to care for the apostolical sport of fishing, and he does care for manufactures; but, in spite of the opposition of the class to which he belongs, the time is not distant when it will become absolutely necessary to interfere with existing rights to defile water. We make that hideous which nature made beautiful and refreshing to the eye; and, if Lord Robert Montagu's authorities are to be trusted, we have gone far to make temperance impossible. Pictures are sometimes drawn of the ignorance and heathenism of portions of our population who have never heard of the most sacred names, or to whose minds those names convey no glimmering of an idea. We are rapidly approaching a period when such figures of speech as "the well of salvation" or "a river of water in a dry place" will become equally unintelligible. Lancashire is a great county, but as a matter of taste one would prefer to dwell in some land, perhaps less wealthy and energetic, where the birds cannot walk upon the scum of the rivers, and where the water does not dye you blue if you happen to tumble into it.

REVIEWS.

MERIVALE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES.*

WE may doubt whether, in these days of collected essays, any special public attention would have been drawn to this volume had it appeared under a less well known name than that of Mr. Herman Merivale; but, if so, the fault would lie, not with the book itself, but with the multitude of its competitors. Mr. Merivale's essays deserve preservation incomparably better than most of their fellows. It is clear that they are only, as he himself calls them, "studies," "desultory sketches," "flying leaves," "the attempts of a learner to assist fellow learners." But they are the "studies," "sketches," and "attempts" of a really powerful mind—"studies" and "sketches" which supply more and more valuable materials for thought than the finished productions of a less independent thinker. The subjects dealt with in this volume are many, and not one of them is thoroughly worked out. One subject alone is pursued in anything like a connected manner through several of the essays. But all Mr. Merivale's subjects, remote as they are from one another and slightly handled as some of them are, are dealt with in a suggestive and vigorous way. Special students of his various subjects would doubtless come to different conclusions as to the hints which he throws out; but they would all find hints which might well set them thinking. In short, Mr. Merivale's essays give another illustration of the remarks which we have made more than once already as to the peculiar value which belongs to the contributions made to history or other branches of literature by really able men with whom such studies are secondary, and whose primary calling lies among the duties of active life. They differ widely from the writings of men who have made reading and writing the main business of their lives. And each class may well be content to learn something of the other.

But though Mr. Merivale speaks of his "historical studies" as only "the occasional amusement of an occupied life," yet, as every one knows, he brought to that occupied life the start of a brilliant Oxford career, now—it seems strange to say it—forty years old. And, throughout the book, we see the impress, not only of thought and experience, but of fine taste and thorough scholarship. Mr. Merivale everywhere writes clearly and pleasantly; in many places he does much more. We speak of his prose; for of the verses at the end, headed "the Angel of Byzantium," we cannot help saying that they would be better away. And in one part of the book—the series headed "On some of the Precursors of the French Revolution"—though the actual pieces are, as he himself calls them, only "desultory sketches," yet it is plain that Mr. Merivale is fully entitled to the rank of a special student.

The first essay in the volume, that on Joseph the Second, is a very remarkable one. It contains matter to provoke controversy at every step, both as to the character of Joseph himself and still more as to the weighty remarks of his own which Mr. Merivale intersperses. Joseph he estimates very highly—most people will think too highly. His great crime, his constraining his reluctant mother to share in the partition of Poland, Mr. Merivale somehow contrives to pass by, or to veil in a single clause of a general description. In reckoning up the various dominions of Joseph and the various tenures by which they were held, Mr. Merivale tells us that he was "in Galicia, Lombardy, and other outlying regions, a conqueror ruling absolutely by right of the sword." Now it is hardly fair to put Milan, which was at any rate an inheritance of several generations, along with Galicia, a mere stealing of Joseph himself. Galicia was a limb wantonly lopped from a living body. Milan had not known independence for

* *Historical Studies.* By Herman Merivale. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

more than two hundred years; it had not known freedom for five hundred; and we conceive that the Government of Austria was at least a good exchange for the earlier Government of Spain. The truth is that Mr. Merivale does not fully enter into the feeling of nationality, or, as he calls it, "those antipathies of race which constitute the worst canker of modern polity." He admires, and justly, the general objects of Joseph, which were undoubtedly benevolent, and many of them enlightened; but he does not forcibly bring out how wicked as well as foolish were the means taken to bring them about. Joseph, no doubt, wished to make people better and happier, but he insisted upon making them all better and happier after his own fashion. He was a Philip the Second, with the well-being, instead of the ill-being, of mankind for his object. Let us take Mr. Merivale's own statement:—

His scheme was no less than to consolidate all his dominions into one homogeneous whole; to abolish all privileges and exclusive rights; to obliterate the boundaries of nations, and substitute for them a mere administrative division of his whole empire; to merge all nationalities, and establish the German language as the only recognised one; to establish a uniform code of justice; to raise the mass of the community to legal equality with their former masters; to constitute a uniform level of democratic simplicity under his own absolute sway.

And directly after:—

Never, assuredly, was so complete a sweep made of old institutions and usages, as far as mere change of law could do it, as in the first five years of Joseph's reign. Even that effected by the French Revolution itself was less rapid and extensive, especially when regard is had to the different genius, and state of preparation, of the two communities. It was like the sudden advance, in the locomotion of the same country, from the old Eilwagen crawl of four miles an hour, without intervening improvements, to the speed of the railway. It takes away the breath of those accustomed to the bit-by-bit proceedings of constitutional countries, to recite the mere catalogue of Joseph's reforms. In the short space of time above mentioned, exclusive rights, privileges, monopolies, were clean done away with; serfdom, and compulsory feudal dues and services, ceased in point of law to exist; all men became, in theory, equal under the sovereign. The old constitutions of his several kingdoms and states, including that of Hungary with which his mother had dealt so warily, were abolished, at least on paper, or violently invaded; their very boundaries were obliterated from the maps, and a division of the whole monarchy into thirteen great departments, with a civil minister at the head of each, substituted. Half the convents in the country were suppressed; great innovations introduced in the relation of church and state; the ordinary popular religion interfered with by the abolition, or discontinuance, of processions, pilgrimages, and the like; universal religious toleration, or rather equality, established; education was made national; the press rendered free; the old and ingrained "unwesen" (to use a very German word) of guilds and corporations in the towns, and other restrictions on internal commerce, utterly abolished; the superstructure of ages razed down to the very foundation.

It need hardly be said that a great number of these changes remained in the form of decrees only, and never attained a practical existence.

Now nothing can be more praiseworthy than many of these objects, if they had been set about in a rational and gradual way. According to our English notions, here is good work for two or three hundred years. But we cannot expect a benevolent despot to look at things in this way. We cannot blame Joseph for trying to do as much as he could in his own lifetime. We admire all that Joseph did where he had a right to do anything. No praise is too high for the despotic Archduke of Austria who used his despotic power to abolish serfdom and to establish religious toleration. The person with whom we quarrel is the unprincipled annexer of Galicia, the revolutionary tyrant of Hungary. We cannot look so quietly as Mr. Merivale seems to do upon "obliterating the boundaries of nations," and "abolishing or violently invading old constitutions." The prospect of "democratic simplicity under the absolute sway" of Joseph or of anybody else is hardly more tempting than the system of exclusive rights and privileges which he abolished. To us, who know nothing—as in 1789 the law of Europe and the map of Europe knew nothing—of an "Austrian monarchy," the prince who carried off the crown of St. Stephen from Hungary seems simply a thief, and the compulsory restoration of the relic is simply the restoration of stolen goods. No doubt the constitution of Hungary was very bad, but "democratic simplicity under the absolute sway" of Austria was a remedy worse than the disease. A bad constitution may be mended, but the state of things contemplated by Joseph is hopeless. We are reminded of the optimist governess in Lady G. Fullerton's novel, who, when the weather was very bad, was still thankful because it was better than no weather at all. The Hungarian people have since shown that attachment to Hungarian independence does not necessarily imply blind attachment to old abuses, but it is clear that Joseph's way of reforming abuses must have given every abuse a fresh lease of life. Sweden too has a bad constitution, though not nearly so bad as that of Hungary. The King and people of Sweden are doing their best to reform it; most likely they will be a long time about it, but the longer they are about it the better their work is likely to stand. A mob, an oligarchy, a tyrant, will none of them do so much mischief as a mercilessly benevolent theorist.

Joseph, it must not be forgotten, was the last man but two who held the rank of Emperor, and he was the last Emperor who visited the ancient capital of the Empire. As he did not take the opportunity of being crowned, we can only suppose that the "Romanorum Imperator electus" had forgotten who he was; but the Romans themselves had not. After Pope Pius the Sixth had been to Vienna, Joseph, in Mr. Merivale's words,

paid his Holiness a return visit at Rome, where the populace, always anti-papal, whatever the prevailing sentiment may be elsewhere, received

him with shouts of "Long live the Emperor-King, siete a casa vostra, siete il padrone."

Mr. Merivale seems hardly to give its full force to this strange bit of abiding Ghibelinism.

But Mr. Merivale's view of Joseph and his doings is hardly so important as his views on the relations of Church and State, which are introduced incidentally when speaking of Joseph's ecclesiastical changes. It is not that Mr. Merivale has a new theory, or any theory; what his remarks mainly amount to is the rejection of all theories. He has no objection to carrying ecclesiastical independence to the highest point consistent with the supremacy of the law, and he sees, what many people do not see, that such independence is in no way inconsistent with the retention of ecclesiastical endowments. But many of the restrictions on ecclesiastical independence, as well as some instances of ecclesiastical privilege, he defends as working well in practice, though incapable of defence in theory:—

No reason which will bear the test of theoretical argument can be given for bishops sitting in the House of Lords; yet most dispassionate men would be sorry to see them expelled, merely—though the reason is, perhaps, only unconsciously admitted—because any device which secures the introduction of a few well-educated professional persons in a body of hereditary legislators has its advantage. Nor can the appointment of bishops by the crown—that is, by the prime minister—be justified on any scientific principle. Yet, in point of fact, most of us feel that it is highly expedient that the people itself should, in some way or other, interfere in the choice of these important functionaries; that election by the clergy would probably be the worst mode of appointment of all; that popular election, unless surrounded by safeguards difficult to devise, and impossible to maintain, would be very little better; that nomination by a high functionary, himself controlled by the representatives of the people, affords a rough and unsentimental, but a tolerable, solution of a perplexing question.

The whole of Mr. Merivale's remarks on these matters are well worthy of study. But he is surely hardly accurate in saying that "in the United States no established church ever existed at all." To have upset the established church of Virginia was one of the achievements on which Jefferson most prided himself.

All the other essays in this part of the volume are deserving of attention in their several ways. That on Catharine the Second puts her in a rather unfamiliar light, and one certainly less unfavourable than what we are used to. That on Paoli is a thoroughly interesting narrative of the Corsican struggle for freedom, and of the admirable man who defended his island alike against the old-standing oppressions of the Genoese oligarchy and against the far baser, because utterly unprovoked and treacherous, aggression of France. If it were not that

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,

Corsica might set off her having produced Paschal Paoli against her having produced Napoleon Buonaparte. In the essay headed "A Few Words on Junius and Marat," after a page or two of introduction in a style hardly worthy of Mr. Merivale's general way of treating his subject, we have an argument in support of the "Franciscan theory" of Junius, which is just one of those convincing bits of reasoning from some little incidental allusion, some little "undesigned coincidence," which come as near to mathematical proof as historical subjects are capable of. "Bifrons," whom Mr. Merivale identifies with Junius, says that he remembers seeing certain Jesuit books burned at Paris by the hangman. This event Mr. Merivale fixes in the year 1761. In that year England and France were at war, so that very few Englishmen could have enjoyed the privilege of "assisting" at such a sight. But in that year and at that time Mr. Hans Stanley went on an ineffectual negotiation to Paris, and took some subordinates with him. Stanley, for whatever reason, took a special interest in this Jesuit business, and sent home a minute account of it. Any Englishman who saw the burning must have been connected with the mission. There is no evidence that Francis was there, but he was then a clerk in Pitt's office, he was often employed on similar errands, and there is no record of the names of the clerks who were attached to the mission. But Lady Francis was known to say that her husband "was at the Court of France in Louis the Fifteenth's time, when the Jesuits were driven out by Madame de Pompadour." There certainly seems no escaping this.

The "Streets of Paris in the Seventeenth Century" is an essay which gives a great deal more than its title promises, as it is really a very vivid picture of French society at that time. The essays on Cornwall and on the Landscape of Ancient Italy show the varied range of Mr. Merivale's thought and reading, while in that headed "A Visit to Malta," St. Paul's visit leads him rather unexpectedly into a discussion of the character of the apostle and his writings which reveals Mr. Merivale in the new light of a far from contemptible theologian.

Altogether Mr. Merivale's collection of essays forms a volume of great and varied interest. May we venture to point out two slips of detail which in no way affect any of his main positions, but which illustrate the sort of error into which even an able and accomplished man, if not thoroughly armed at every point, is likely to fall? Of Paris he tells that, "compared with other famous towns of Europe, for the seven long centuries after Charlemagne, it must apparently have been a poor and gloomy city." Why "after Charlemagne"? Has even Mr. Merivale a lurking notion that Charles had something to do with Paris, more than he had to do with Rouen, Florence, or Barcelona? Again, in the very clever "Dialogue of the Dead" between Benjamin Franklin and Joseph de Maistre, Mr. Merivale makes Franklin say:—

Give me instead the Pennsylvania of my youth, with her people luxu-

riating in present affluence and in the anticipation of greater, though their election "tickets" had no better names to show than those of the merest Jonathan and Ezekiel who ever figured on a stump; or give me (if you please) the herdsmen of Lucerne and Uri, or the burghers of a Dutch province; who have succeeded for centuries in conducting their own affairs tolerably well, though they never produced a statesman of whom I have heard, and suffered under a lamentable deficiency of laced coats.

One would like to know the feelings of a Luzern patrician, descended from one of those last-century Senators who, while among the devoutest Catholics in the world, successfully withstood the least step of Papal encroachment on the civil power, on finding his ancestral nobility reduced to the level of his rustic neighbour, and his very coat made the subject of an implied sneer.

KELLY'S NOTICES OF LEICESTER.*

MR. KELLY'S *Notices of Leicester* relate almost exclusively to the dramatic entertainments and other popular amusements of that town in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and form a portion only of his extracts from its archives. "A learned friend"—whom we conjecture to be Mr. J. Payne Collier—urged him to print this class of documents separately, "deeming many of those which he read curious and valuable illustrations" of stage history and other public exhibitions. The advice was good, and we owe to it the instructive volume of which we are now to give some account.

Mr. Kelly—conceiving that his extracts unadorned, however welcome they might prove to the antiquary, would repel the general reader—has, in his Introduction, endeavoured to clothe them with flesh, "and to present them before the eye with at least some appearance of vitality and motion." He informs us that his is "a prentice hand" in such decorations. Should he try his hand again—and we hope that he will do so—we would suggest to him that his extracts, though he regards them as "dry bones," speak, in our opinion, more directly and intelligibly than his draped figure. None but genius of a very high order discerns in the ashes of the past the fire that once burned in them. Even Scott is not always happy in his portraiture of feudal or chivalrous times, and where Scott failed, other archaeologists should walk warily, or not walk at all. Some allowance may indeed be made to Mr. Kelly on the score of 1864, the date of his book, having been the year of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. Traces of the ravages of that epidemic are visible in the *Notices of Leicester*.

The Spaniards have a proverb to the effect that "the water of our village is better than the wine of yours"—a prejudice which, if it sometimes leads to high words and even to cracking of crowns, has its good side. Well directed and discreetly exercised, such local partialities tend to the conservation of local and therefore also of national history, and history of a kind we should look for vainly in Acts of Parliament or Law Reports. Excellently did Montesquieu recommend a literary and philosophical society at Bordeaux to leave the higher matters of taste or science to the *savans* of Paris, and to cherish and cultivate the natural and local records of their own city and the Bordelaise generally. Great capitals alone, he said, present means and opportunities for the one, whereas for the other small communities are the proper ground. By this definite aim they would give to their pursuits and proceedings a value which could never attach to more general and ambitious investigations. And especially he dwelt upon the worth of local usages as auxiliaries to history, and upon the duty of putting them on record while they in any degree survived. For civilization, he added, is almost as much a foe to the past as it is a friend to the present time. It builds up by pulling down; it goes partner with oblivion; it hides under a new surface the forms and circumstances of bygone time.

We learn from Mr. Kelly's Preface that the manuscripts in the Muniment Room of Leicester fared for many years like their kind generally in almost every corporate town of Britain. They were left to the mercies of the elements, of spiders, and of rats. Could rats be made to refund part only of the history of England which they have digested or lined their holes with, we should know more than we are ever likely to do now of much that was done by our forefathers on their highdays and holidays, their dealings with the just and unjust, their feuds, factions, and other necessary attendants on borough life. Fires; careless cooks, like that ever memorable domestic of Mr. Warburton's; churchwardens who have parted with, for lucre, documents of priceless value to the historian, have all and each done suit and service to ignorance and oblivion valiantly and well. But no one, for the mischief they have wrought, is comparable to the old-established and progenitive rat. Shylock enumerates, among the risks of Antonio's "precious ventures," rats; perhaps he had caught them gnawing his own bonds and securities.

Next to rats, Mr. Kelly accounts the old Tory Corporation of Leicester the most noxious animal to muniments. They jealously denied access to the town archives, thinking it better for them to perish than to be exposed to any but aldermanic eyes. From this durance the treasures of which Mr. Kelly has made such good use were released in 1847 by the reformed Corporation. The broom of reform swept away the spiders, scared the rats, stayed the droppings of water-butts. The Town Council, "properly appre-

ciating the value of these records of our past history, which, if once allowed to perish, no wealth could replace, unanimously voted the sum of money required for binding them." If jobs yet prevail in Leicester—and aldermen and common councilmen are but "ordinary men and Christians" in spite of their

Pomps without guilt of bloodless swords and maces,
Gold chains, warm furs, broad banners and broad faces—

this act of charity to decaying parchments may condone for a multitude of possible sins.

Leicester, though it yields to Chester and Coventry as a nursery of the English drama, ranks very near to them in the encouragement of theatrical entertainments. Not only does the Corporation seem to have been laudably anxious to keep the townsmen in good humour by such spectacles, but it compelled one Mr. Mayor—perhaps in this instance a precisian—to provide them, under penalty of losing part of his annual allowance. There must have been some difficulty in choosing a company of players, the latitude of choice being so great. The following rule is remarkable for the number of its exceptions:—

1657—*Plays*. It is agreed that non of either of the Twoe Companies shalbee compelled att anie tyme hereafter to paye towards anie playes, but such of them as shalbee then present att the said playes: the Kings Ma^{ty} players, the Queenes Ma^{ty} players, and the young Prince his players excepted; and alsoe all such playors as doe belonge to anie of the Lorde of his Ma^{ty} most honorable Privie Counsell alsoe excepted: to these they are to paye accordinge to the Auncient custome, havinge Warnynge by the Mace bearer to bee att everie such play. [*Hall Book*, iii. p. 313.]

Besides what may be termed "companies royal" we find the following *troupes*—"The Lord Strafford's players, the Lord Shandoe's; the Earl of Huntingdon's, the Lord Albuñyes, the Earl of Sussex's, the Lord Marquess his players, the Earl of Worcester's, Terry and his compaignie havinge large authoritie"—and many more. Taking into account the difference of population, the theatrical public in England was perhaps relatively as numerous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as it is in the nineteenth. Companies are sometimes paid when they were not allowed to perform. In 1608, on the 25th day of March we find this entry:—

Given to the Lorde Dudley his Playars, whoe weare not sufferd to play at the Town Hall for there Rewarde—x^s.

Sometimes the players proved contumacious; sometimes they damaged the Corporation property:—

Mr. Mayor did geve the aforesaid playars an Angell towards there dinner and wild them not to playe at this present: being fryday the vijth of Marche, for that the tyme was not convenient. . . . The forsaid playars mett Mr Mayor in the strete nere Mr Newcome's housse, after the Angell was geven abowte a ij howers, who then craived lycense ageyne to play at there Inn, and he told them they shold not, then they went away and said they wold play, whether he wold or not, and in dispite of hym, wth dyvers other evyll & contemptuous words.

These thankless varlets with the "Angell" in their pockets next "went with their drum and trumpytts thorowe the Towne in contempt of Mr. Mayor," abused his officers, "neyther wold com at his comandmt." However, on their submission, they were licensed to play for one night at their inn, on condition of expressing contrition in the "begynnynge of their play" and mentioning his worship's goodness to them. Of damage done by players we have the following notices—"For mendinge the cheyre in the Hall which was broken by the Playars—xj^d": "for mendinge the glasse wyndowes at the Towne Hall more than was given by the playors who broke the same—ij^d."

Players, however, were not the only performers "under the immediate patronage of the Mayor and Aldermen. His Majesty's trumpeters, the Prince's, the Earl of Essex's, and the Earl of Newcastle's trumpeters, all received gifts on special occasions. Fantoccini, if not the veritable Punch and Judy, were rewarded:—

1626. "Geuen to a man and a woeman that were at Couldwells playinge with Puppets, iiii^d."

But their most popular rival was the bearward and his bears. Humanity to animals was not among the virtues of our ancestors, and is a recent importation among ourselves. It was indeed alien to the spirit of ages when men burned and beheaded one another, with ugly accompaniments of drawing and quartering, for difference in opinion—

Persuaded

That the Apostles would have done as they did.

As early as the reign of Henry II. the baiting of bears by dogs was a popular game in London. A royal bearward was an officer regularly attached to the King's household. The Tudors, male and female, were mighty hunters of this kind. Bear-baiting was one of the "princely pleasures" provided by the Earl of Leicester for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, when thirteen great bears were worried by ban-dogs. The Stuarts, inheriting little else of the strong qualities of the Tudors, were equally strenuous in their pursuit of this diversion; and—*totus componitur orbis, regis ad exemplar*—it was a favourite pastime in the provinces and among people of all classes. An extraordinary instance of devotion to it is given by Mr. Kelly:—"We have it on record that at Congleton in Cheshire, the town-bear having died, the Corporation, in 1601, gave orders to sell their Bible in order to purchase another, which was done, and the town no longer without a bear." The good folks of Ecclesfield had tenderer consciences:—"Ways and means of the usual kind being wanting for the procurement of the usual annual bait at the feast, the churchwardens *paraded* the Bible from the sacred desk in

* *Notices Illustrative of the Drama, and other Popular Amusements, chiefly in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, incidentally illustrating Shakespeare and his Contemporaries, extracted from the Chamberlains' Accounts and other Manuscripts of the Borough of Leicester.* With an Introduction and Notes by William Kelly. London: J. Russell Smith. 1865.

order to obtain the means of enjoying their immemorial sport." Bears and apes travelled in company. Richard III. appointed John Brown royal bearward, and granted him by warrant, "for and in consideration of the diligent service he had done the King," the privilege of wandering about the country with his bears and apes, and receiving the "loving benevolence and favours of the people." There are frequent entries of this kind in the "extracts" from the Chamberlain of Leicester's accounts:—

"Itm genen to George Warde, Beareward, more than was gathered, iiiijs."

And the celebrated Edward Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College, was licensed "to travel by the King's warrant as Master of the Baboons!"

It would be easy to fill far more than the space allotted to us with curious and interesting extracts from the Chamberlain's papers. Seldom has there been published a more instructive volume. In these rude and brief extracts we have glimpses of the lives, feelings, and pleasures of our ancestors more interesting, and in our opinion more entertaining, than a library of historical fictions. "A few notes on the spot," said Gray of travelling, "are worth a cartload of recollections"; and it is the same with such matter-of-fact and unconscious records as these *Notices of Leicester* contain. Some political as well as much social knowledge is afforded by them. Leicester, like more important towns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, although a provincial capital, was central in its influence and operations. The Corporation provided for, as well as regulated, the amusements of the townsmen. The Mayor and Aldermen were, within certain limits, a King and Privy Council, if not a King and Parliament. Doubtless the town-watch had its Elbows and Dogberries, yet its police establishment appears to have been sufficient for the good order of the town, and to have been discreetly employed. Traces there are of a little jobbing occasionally, and doubtless there was a Tory party and a Radical party—the "Have" and the "Have-not" families, as Sancho described the *outs* and *ins* of La Mancha. Nor, though the extracts necessarily relate to local affairs, are they devoid of hints of national movements sweeping into their vortex the ordinary current of town and corporation business. In the earlier extracts we find hints of the reforms under Henry VIII. and Edward, of the reaction under Mary, and of the gradual and prudent changes under Elizabeth's reign. The great battle between the old and the new religion, the Roman and the Anglican Church, having been decided, we come to vestiges, and from vestiges to palpable symptoms, of the struggle within the Church between the established clergy and the Puritans. Maypoles, church ales, wakes, books of sports become abominations in the eyes of the stricter sort in Leicester; and, under the year 1643, we find a most significant silence in respect of *players*, bearwardens, puppet-shows, and other profane recreations. All that is contributed to the public entertainment in that year is thirteen yards of red cloth for the waits. The Clown in the *Winter's Tale* says that in the company of catch-singers coming to the sheep-shearing there was "but one Puritan, and that he sang psalms to a hornpipe"; we suspect that by the waits at Leicester in 1642 the hornpipe accompaniment was omitted. The entries are very few between this year and 1660; then we find the sum of 1*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* paid to General Monck's trumpeters and drummers, and 13*s.* more to the same account, "upon the day of Thanksgiving for the restoring of his Majesty to his Crowne." In 1722, it seems that the Corporation took a serious or a radical turn, since on the 14th day of July it is ordered that the present mayor and all future mayors shall not let the town-hall to any players for any shows whatever, nor to any dancing-masters for balls, without the consent of a Common Hall. In 1736, however, this resolution was rescinded, but the players were no longer paid in money, or treated with wine or sugar; on the contrary they were bound to make good all damages and to pay five pounds to Mr. Mayor for the use of the poor. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The ancient pleasures of Leicester were not quite extinguished until June, 1846. A sport called "Whipping Toms" was then proscribed for good and sufficient reasons, inasmuch as it savoured of the brutality of the ages of bear and bull-baiting. For a description of this horse-play we must refer to Mr. Kelly's pages, only remarking that, had crinolines been worn nineteen years ago, the terrors of Whipping Toms would have been diminished, and perhaps the forty-first clause of the Leicester Improvement Act have been superfluous for at least one moiety of the victims of the annual flagellation—ladies now being armed in proof "against blows from cart-whips" often cutting through the stocking."

FRENCH AND AMERICAN VIEWS ON WOMEN.*

IT would be hard to find two books more violently unlike one another than those, one from Paris and the other from Boston, of which the names are transcribed below. M. Legouv   writes like a scholar and a thinker, Mr. or Mrs. Gail Hamilton like an infuriated prophet. The first accepts the old maxim, *posterior dies prior est discipulus*, and anxiously endeavours to reconcile his opinions with the voice of the human race in past history. The second indignantly repudiates the lessons or the influence of "musty

ages," and insists that in America, if not elsewhere, "every man bears his seal direct from God." The American starts by denouncing "the coarse, mercenary, and revolting tone of sentiment in which girls are brought up and women live." The Frenchman begins by seeking an answer to the startling elementary question, "Qu'est-ce qu'une femme?" Though both are eager to modify public opinion and feeling on the education and position of women, each would regard the doctrines of the other as contrary equally to the dictates of nature and the present requirements of society. Considering the conviction entertained by most thoughtful Englishmen from Mr. Mill downwards, that a gradual or rapid revolution of sentiment on this subject is inevitable, the speculations of two such widely dissimilar minds as those of the writers before us are obviously worth stating and comparing.

It will not be necessary to begin, with M. Legouv  , by defining what a woman is. Definition, in the order of thought, comes last. The discussion will have to be sustained for a very long time before philosophers discover a theory of the final cause of the existence of women which shall square with the exigencies of practical life. However, nobody would assert that the old theories are incapable of further sound development. Whatever might be his private notion, a man of any education would be very shy in our day of defending the doctrines even of Montesquieu and Rousseau about the other sex. "La nature," said the first, "qui a distingu   les hommes par la force et par la raison, n'a mis    leur pouvoir d'autre terme que celui de cette raison et de cette force. Elle a donn   aux femmes des agr  ments et a voulu que leur ascendant finit avec ces agr  ments." Rousseau's words are still more distinct, and still more repugnant to modern feeling:—"La femme est faite sp  cialement pour plaire    l'homme." One need neither be a philosopher nor an American termagant to be able to see both the dangerous fallaciousness of dogmatic assertions about the intentions of nature, and the vicious practical consequences which must infallibly flow from turning rather more than one-half of creation into ingenious instruments for pleasing the other half. Mr. Hamilton would, no doubt, say that such a doctrine is natural in a musty age, and that Montesquieu and Rousseau are a musty and "chawed-up" pair. The slightest regard for the best men of the past is only a sign of imbecility to the American, and therefore a good deal of M. Legouv  's book, if he ever sees a copy of it, will be the object of Mr. Hamilton's sincere contempt. It is the temper in which the Americans have conducted what they style "the Woman Question" that has made their objects so hateful and ridiculous in the eyes of Europeans. Such a book, for example, as Mrs. Farnham's *Woman and her Era*—written to prove that man, compared with woman, is a fool in intellect and a beast in morals—by its extravagance and fury simply does so much to put the question out of court. Gail Hamilton is full of rhapsodical trash, but he makes no preposterous assertions about the superiority of either sex. The "new atmosphere" with which he bids us surround ourselves is certainly very different from that in which people commonly exist; still he seldom thinks it necessary to call men very bad names, and the sum of all he asks is that girls and married women and spinsters should have a chance of getting something better worth having out of life than is within their reach in the present state of feeling. In one or two passages his declamation is transformed into a really lofty eloquence, and, in spite of the nonsensical details into which he is constantly descending, his estimate of the comparative worth of some of the common objects of human desire is, on the whole, exceptionally elevated. His remarks on husbands snubbing their wives in the presence of their children, on the good that would accrue if the early education of children were less exclusively devoted on the mother, and on the folly of wasting so much time in reading the petty items of newspaper intelligence, are thoroughly sensible, though we are not wholly prepared to admit his test when he asks, "Is anything added to the worth of life by learning that Bridget McCarthy has been fined five dollars and costs for breaking Ellen Maloney's windows?" It would be hard to show that anything is added to the worth of life, in the writer's sense, by learning that Mr. Fessenden had succeeded Mr. Chase, or that General Grant had lost so many thousand men. Yet such facts may mean something for all that. Still it can do no harm to rebuke excessive devotion to newspapers in the United States. It is more difficult to agree with the author's measure of the comparative economy of men and women. "Man," he says, "has not even the idea of economy. He does not know what the word means. He does not know the thing when he sees it. Women take to it naturally." As we are avowedly in a new atmosphere, these slight inversions of ordinary notions ought not to startle us. It is not worth while to leave our own atmosphere, or "the miasms of the earth," unless we can acquire new information. Our pioneer in the new regions "does not believe you could force women at the point of the bayonet to such reckless prodigality as men indulge in; it is against their nature; it hurts them; it violates God's law written in their hearts." But men, on the other hand, "will waste money in cigars, in oyster suppers, in riding when walking would be better for them, in keeping a horse which eats his head off, in buying luxuries which they would be better off without, in sending packages and luggage by express rather than have the trouble of taking them themselves." The reputation which American ladies have so long enjoyed for a peculiar recklessness in extravagance and display has been evidently unmerited, if we look at it through the new medium. But it is not so many

* *Histoire Morale des Femmes*. Par Ernest Legouv  , de l'Acad  mie Fran  aise. Paris: Didier et Co. 1864.
A *New Atmosphere*. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

years ago that half the men in New York were said to be ruined through the monstrous expenditure of their wives and daughters, and that this is going on still, with increased indifference to economy, is shown by the newspaper correspondents of both sides. The writer no doubt thinks that he is doing mankind a greater service by setting up imaginary models than by sticking to the plain truths of our present worn-out atmosphere.

When we come to Mr. Gail Hamilton's more practical remarks, it appears that the great source of the misery and ruin of American women is cooking. One generation after another of tender and beautiful souls is destroyed by the gigantic demon of the kitchen. "We are preeminently an eating people." "Our women are cooking themselves to death, and cooking the nation into a materialism worse than death." So degraded is human nature on the American continent, that if anybody asks you of a given family whether they live well, you may be sure that he is not "inquiring if they are honourable, if they conduct their lives on Christian principles, if they are courteous, and self-respectful, and self-controlled," but whether "they have highly spiced and numerous meats, much cake and pie, many sauces and preserves." It is all very well to revel in dainties, but how horrible if "it is a soul that flakes in the pastry, if it is a heart that is embrowned in the gravies, if leisure, and freshness, and breadth of sympathy, and keen enjoyment have been frittered away on the fritters, and simmered away in the sweetmeats, and battered away in the puddings." The ideal woman is enamoured of frying-pans and wash-tubs, and we are told in fiery words of "a young wife whose husband used to come down from his study worn and weary with much brain work, his muscles flaccid, his eyes heavy, his circulation sluggish, and she would come up from the kitchen, her face all aglow with eagerness, and love, and cooking-stove heat, her hands full of abominable little messes which she had been plotting against him, reeking with butter and sugar, and all manner of glorified greasiness." "Every advance in science or skill seems to be attended by a corresponding advance in the claims of the cooking-range," and "the palate keeps pace with the brain." Even American hospitality is made a curse to the hostess, for "the woman who welcomed you so warmly, entreated you so tenderly, entertained you so agreeably, had no sooner shut the door behind you when you had started for church, than the sunshine which radiated from your presence went suddenly behind a cloud of odorous steam that rose up from stewpan and gridiron." Graphic declamations of this kind against the soul-destroying tyranny of the stewpan are scattered profusely through the pages of the *New Atmosphere*; and in fact almost the only distinct idea the reader carries away with him is a greasy picture of vast multitudes of American wives, everlastingly "plotting abominable little messes of butter and sugar" against their lords, embrowning their hearts in gravy, metamorphosing their souls into flakes of pastry, and battering away their sympathy in puddings. The writer is much more at his ease when declaiming against evils than in suggesting practical remedies. The sum of his wailing and roaring, so far as it can be gathered in the midst of so much noise and fury, seems to be something of this kind. Girls ought not to be taught to look forward to marriage as the single goal of their lives. They should be encouraged to seek more independent means of gaining a subsistence than the labour of a husband. They should be permitted to enjoy as great liberty in selecting a husband as men enjoy in choosing a wife. When married, the burden of rearing children ought to be more equally shared by the father, who should "experience their obviousness (?), their inconvenience, their distraction," as painfully as their mother. None of these are new ideas, and the writer has not furnished any new supports to them. Like every American who has handled the question, he displays a signal incapacity for temperate argument or discussion. A book written to advocate a different view from his own is repeatedly stigmatized as "vile and nameless." Appeals to reason are considered very inferior weapons to impetuous and immoderate declamation. This is a national characteristic, so the author may be in a measure pardoned for its display; but European feeling, at all events on this subject, will never be seriously affected by these wild shrieks from across the Atlantic. Whatever is inexpedient in the current ideas about women will have to be removed by temperate argument, not by ferocious rodomontade about rights and wrongs.

M. Legouvé, unlike Mr. Hamilton, bases his opinions on clearly stated principles. He finds from the history of women that they have passed through an uninterrupted series of successive emancipations. Their present destiny is liberty if compared with the past, and we may reasonably suppose that it is subjection if compared with the future. *Le progrès c'est la tradition*—in other words, the law of the future is only a development or continuation of the law of the past. Women have a more extended sphere of activity now than they had a hundred years ago; and a hundred years hence their sphere will be more extended still. By what theory must this extension be always bounded? By the principle that woman, though equal to man, is different from him. Remembering this, we may advance without fear to practical conclusions. God has divided the human race into two. We only make the best of one of the portions. Nature dictates "non pas l'absorption stérile d'un des deux termes au profit de l'autre, mais la fusion vivante de deux individualités fraternelles, accroissant la puissance commune de toute la force de leur développement particulier." M. Legouvé would have made out a stronger case if he had left all comparison of the two sexes entirely in the background. Even from the point of view of the emancipationists, all propositions

about equality or dissimilarity or inferiority between men and women must be barren of practical consequences, and they unquestionably tend to shift the question from the only position in which the emancipationists are theoretically unassailable. Drop out of sight the relative powers of the two sexes, and consider whether women, in the present state of sentiment, are able to make the best of themselves. Convince both wife and husband that life would have been happier for each of them, and that the characters of their children would have been more robust, if the feeling and usages of society had recognised in her the existence of a higher capacity, and given greater scope for its development. Show that a change in their position would be distinctly calculated to promote the happiness of women and to increase their general usefulness to all. This is the only process by which men with M. Legouvé's opinions are at all likely to win an effectual hearing. M. Legouvé himself appears, after the first start, to have become conscious of this, for he practically ceases to argue as if men and women were in some sort rivals, and contents himself throughout most of his book with sober suggestions of legal and social changes. These changes can scarcely be considered revolutionary except by those who believe that women, unlike everything else in the universe, are absolutely and for ever incapable of improvement. If the condition of women is as susceptible of a change for the better as the condition of men, M. Legouvé's proposals are not likely to excite any very violent hostility. The ameliorations for which he asks "dans les lois et dans les mœurs" are precisely eighteen in number. It will be sufficient to enumerate a few of them, for some apply exclusively to French law and French customs. In some points it will be seen that he coincides with the American reformer. The education of girls should be more closely assimilated to that of boys. With great point the author says—"Savez vous pourquoi il faut bien élever les femmes? parceque c'est le meilleur moyen de bien élever les hommes." The age of marriage should be fixed much later. The law fixes it at fifteen, and custom at seventeen or eighteen. M. Legouvé would interdict marriage before two-and-twenty. The bride herself should have greater freedom of choice. The maxim that "un homme est toujours assez bien" may be unobjectionable in the case of strangers, but by no means so to the wife of the man. The wife should have within her ordering and disposition a part of her own property. She should have the right of appearing "en justice" without the sanction of her husband, and the equal right both of educating her children and of refusing her consent to their marriage. The control of the wife's person by the husband should be narrowly limited, and a "conseil de famille" should be created to regulate such part of this power as would be left. The "conseil de famille" should also be made legally competent to decide any important differences between the father and the mother in matters concerning the children. There is much in some of these suggestions which English law reformers would willingly see carried out. People who detest the Woman's Right cry can still admit that the legal position of women might be advantageously modified. But the "conseil de famille" is so strange to a people who pride themselves on their domestic isolation that, even if such a device were likely to be efficacious, an instinctive distaste would probably always prevent its introduction into this country. On the whole, M. Legouvé's book is one which it is well worth while for the soberest of law reformers to read. Graceful French sentiment cannot do a man much harm, provided he has learnt to take it for no more than it is worth, and English lawyers are not likely to be misled in this respect.

GEORGE GEITH.*

WE cannot admit that novelists have any right to shelter themselves beneath the concealment of a sexless initial. They may put a feigned name upon their title-page without doing a reviewer any injury, for, so long as he has no notice of the disguise, he need not seek to penetrate it unless he has nothing better to do. But a mere initial forces him to face the question whether the writer be male or female. It is difficult for people who are not Americans to speak simply of "F. G. Trafford," and yet, as neither of the sexes has any exclusive interest in F or G, we cannot assume that these letters denote a male object merely because we have no proof to the contrary. In the absence, therefore, of positive information, we are forced to come to a decision purely from internal evidence; and in the present case, if this is taken into account, we have no hesitation in rejecting the male prefix. There can hardly be a better illustration of the distinction of subjective and objective than that which may be drawn from the way in which a female novelist describes her hero and heroine. When she is dealing with the latter, though her observation may be defective or her imagination sluggish, she has still some measure of experience to guide her, and her wildest romance will bear some slight resemblance to reality. But when she comes to paint her hero, she is, for the most part, absolutely at fault. He may be good, or bad, or indifferent—upon that opinions will differ; the one point upon which all readers must agree is, that he is not a man. No woman even, except we suppose Miss Brontë, believed in the existence of Mr. Rochester; and George Eliot herself must have been struck with the difference between the picture of Maggie Tulliver, instinct in every line with truth and passion, and the inanimate lay figure of Stephen Guest.

* *George Geith of Fen Court*. By F. G. Trafford. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

The authoress of *George Geith* is no exception to this rule. She has given us an admirably drawn heroine in Beryl Molozane; but the picture of George Geith himself strikes us, in spite of some merits, as a conspicuous failure. The entire conception of his character is a notable example of that glorification of rigidity of purpose for its own sake in which female novelists seem so often inclined to indulge. In order to conceal a low marriage, and get money to obtain a divorce from a worthless wife, he throws up his curacy, changes his name, and settles in London as an accountant. At the end of seven years he hears that his wife is dead, but his determination is unchangeable, and he goes on working, although the freedom which was the object of his toil is already attained. He falls in love with Beryl, and though he knows that her father's affairs are hopelessly embarrassed, and that she has nothing but poverty before her, he will not make her an offer because he is not rich enough to keep her in the position from which she will have at any rate to descend. Mr. Molozane is ruined, and he and his two daughters have to live on a clerk's income in London; but still George Geith keeps his passion under restraint, and waits to see "the result of one or two speculations before asking Beryl to be his wife." Throughout this long and silent courtship there is never a time at which Beryl's position would not be improved by a marriage with Mr. Geith, and during a great part of it he entertains no doubt of her liking him. The only reason why he does not propose to her is the fact that, under different circumstances and with different prospects, he had made up his mind not to do so. This is just the kind of self-denial in which some women seem to see so much grandeur, while men can see none at all. Women write as though the noblest characteristic of a hero were to sacrifice, not only his own happiness, but other people's, to the preservation of an objectless consistency. They value strength simply for what it is, without any reference to the use to which it is put. The severest theories of asceticism might find a parallel in the outpourings of modern fiction, and the favourite object of a certain class of novelists seems to be to devise impossible situations for the discharge of imaginary obligations. It is hard to say whether the artistic or the moral defects of this style of writing are the most glaring. Human actions are rarely, if ever, determined by those single and persistent motives which play so large a part in novels. They are the result of a number of contradictory influences, of which the least apparent are often the most powerful, and the least constant at times the most decisive. And, even if this kind of consistency were true to nature, it would still be a mistake to regard it as necessarily identical with strength of character. As often as not self-will is only a subtle form of weakness—a counterfeit of purpose assumed to conceal a real want of it.

But, if Miss Trafford's conception of a hero is faulty, she may fairly claim to be forgiven on the score of the charms of her heroine. From first to last Beryl Molozane stands out from among the crowd of characters with which the novel-reader is daily making acquaintance as a clear and definite creation, whose features will remain in the memory long after her story has been forgotten. She is always consistent, and always charming, and the only fault we have to find with her is that she is utterly destitute of principle. She is governed simply by impulse; and though her impulses are generally good, still virtues which have no better foundation than this can hardly be taken out of the category of happy accidents. "Her religion"—and her morality too, for that matter—"was to love this man whom she had chosen with her whole soul and spirit; to fight for him, protect him, cling to him through joy and through sorrow, in life and in death." And consequently, when she finds out that George Geith's wife is alive after all, "all the clergymen in the kingdom could not have made her believe she was sinful because no thought of leaving him ever crossed her mind. She would love him and cling to him all the more because this woman had risen up and tried to part them." It is rather difficult to say what Miss Trafford's judgment on her heroine's conduct amounts to. She does not justify her continuing to live with George Geith after she knows she is not his wife. She does not construct any spiritualized theory of marriage by which a man may be allowed, under certain circumstances, to have two wives at once, nor does she justify the disregard of commonplace morality on the plea of the superior sanctity of passion. But, at the same time, she does not seem to think at all the worse of Beryl for her conduct, or to imagine that any one else will; and to recognise the obligation of a law, while treating the violation of it as though it involved no offence and implied no guilt, looks very much like playing fast and loose with the distinction between right and wrong.

The great artistic defect in *George Geith* is the extreme and untempered gloom which pervades the whole story. The hero's temperament would not have been a cheerful one even under favourable conditions, and in those in which he actually finds himself good spirits would have been unattainable by the foremost member of a school of laughing philosophers. In order to escape the disgrace of a disreputable wife he begins life with a seven years' burial in the City. When he thinks that he has escaped from this misery he falls in love, and sets himself the task of standing aloof in order to give Beryl the opportunity of marrying a richer man. After he has escaped that danger, and all but saved money enough to marry, he loses everything by the failure of his banker. When he has made up his mind to accept poverty both for himself and Beryl, and they are happily married, his health breaks down from incessant work. And finally, when even this disaster is remedied by a fortunate change of occupation, and his troubles seem really at an end, the original Mrs. Geith turns up, and all possibility of

happiness is over. This is certainly a little overdoing things. The reader has scarcely time to realize that the hero is out of one trouble before he finds him plunged into another. And even the few brighter episodes, the rare occasions upon which a momentary respite is vouchsafed to one or other of the characters, are deprived of any effect they might otherwise have in the way of relieving the darkness by the writer's inveterate habit of anticipating future evils. The first introduction of the heroine is an example of this peculiar method. We have a rather pretty description of her appearance, a hint or two of the love-making which is to come, and then Miss Trafford goes on thus:—

The thought never entered into George Geith's head then that, after many days, he should look at that picture through a mist of tears; that with dim eyes he should see the glory of that summer sun flickering before him; that his heart would ache at the thought of that day as it had never ached before; that all hardness should die out of his nature when memory brought back that upturned face, and that before the great misery of his future he should lie down like a coward, refusing to battle more. Ah, me! hard though George Geith might be, un pitying as he was, I know that could he have foreseen what the future held for him and for her, he would have turned on his path, and leaving the woods and the fields and the sweet country air, have gone back to his city drudgery again like a Spartan.

Considering that what "the future held for him" was the discovery that his first wife was not dead, we do not see anything particularly Spartan-like, supposing that he had foreseen it, in his refraining from making love to Beryl. But, putting this aside, it is evident that prophecies of this sort greatly interfere with that balance of light and shade which a novel ought to possess even when the tragic element is most predominant. Of what avail is it that Beryl afterwards does her best to amuse us by mimicking an objectionable grandmother, or chaffing a vulgar cousin? The curtain of the future has been lifted for our especial benefit. The little victims may play, but we are not allowed to remain regardless of their doom. Nor is there even a subordinate person in the book who is suffered to live and enjoy himself. The only other character in whom the reader can possibly take any interest is Louisa Molozane, Beryl's younger sister. Her childish passion for literature, and her hope of writing something which shall bring in money enough to rebuild the family fortunes, are very touchingly drawn; but she dies at the beginning of the third volume, not without a good many premonitory symptoms scattered over the preceding two. Surely this is a piece of unnecessary slaughter. The poor child would have had sorrow enough in her sister's misfortunes, and she might have been left to have a chance of happiness on her own account. The manner in which some novelists dispose of the personages of their drama can only be adequately described as a kind of literary homicidal mania.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF BRITTANY.*

WE spoke a little time back of the great difficulty of awakening an interest in anything Celtic, except when there is something to invest Celtic subjects with an adventitious interest. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Tom Taylor has succeeded much better with his Bretons than Mr. Samuel Ferguson did with his Irishmen; he comes very much nearer, probably as near as any one is likely to come, to overcoming the difficulty; but the difficulty is there all the same. The book has every external attraction; it is beautifully got up and illustrated; the pieces are real translations from genuine ancient Breton poems, and the translations are executed with great spirit and power. The English reader is of course cut off from either judging of the real date of the poems or of the accuracy of the translation. But it needs no Breton scholarship to say unhesitatingly as much as we have just said. Some of the poems, as Mr. Taylor gives them to us, have much more than an antiquarian value. They are really vigorous and beautiful, and the style adopted by Mr. Taylor, which is distinctly archaic, but not so archaic as to be unintelligible, exactly suits his purpose, and gives the sort of impression which we should expect *a priori* that an ancient Breton ballad would give. And yet the old difficulty turns up again. It does not at all depreciate the merits of the poems, either as poems or as translations, to say that they require a certain effort to enjoy them. The less distinctively Breton they are, the better; the more they deal either with things common to all men or with more intelligible portions of history, the better. Some of the songs relate stories which might have happened in other countries besides Brittany; some relate stories which do occur elsewhere in other forms, and some of which may be set down as belonging to the universal store of Comparative Mythology. And in the pieces which relate to local history, or what passes for history, it is a relief to change from things purely Celtic to events in which the affairs of Brittany are mingled up with those of other better known countries. It is a relief to turn from the mythical Arthur even to the obscure King Noménoc, who asserted the independence of Brittany in the days of Charles the Bald. It is a still more distinct relief to turn from King Noménoc to poems in which we recognise the famous name of Bertrand du Guesclin. Still, besides the evident skill with which Mr. Taylor has done his work, there is a certain freshness about the subject which takes off somewhat from the inherent difficulties attending Celtic matters. Brittany is not vulgarized in English imaginations, like the Celtic parts of our own country. With a slight

* *Ballads and Songs of Brittany.* By Tom Taylor. Translated from the "Bersaz-Breiz" of Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué, with some of the original Melodies harmonized by Mrs. Tom Taylor. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

effort, these songs and ballads may be read with pleasure for their own sake; they throw much light on the customs and feelings of one of the most curious and unchanged corners of Europe; and here and there they actually illustrate questions of real history.

For instance, the legend of the Armorican migration, of a large settlement of British Celts in this corner of Gaul at the time of the English Conquest, derives distinct confirmation from the language of these poems. Throughout the poems the French are called Gauls and the English are called Saxons. Now if the Bretons were simply a remnant of the old inhabitants of Gaul, which, in their remote corner, had kept themselves free from Roman and Frankish influences, it is utterly inconceivable how these modes of speech could have arisen. If the Bretons were the only true Gauls, it is impossible that they should distinctively apply the name Gaul either to the foreign invaders or to those Gauls who under foreign influence had fallen away from the ancient speech and habits. It is utterly impossible that a Welshman should distinguish an Englishman from himself by calling him a Briton. But if the Bretons are really a colony—or a people largely influenced and replenished by a colony—from the insular Britain, there is nothing at all wonderful in their applying the name Gaul to the great mass of the inhabitants of Gaul. That the Bretons should call the English Saxons is less wonderful than that they should call the French Gauls; still it is a fact which looks the same way. They had some Saxon neighbours at Bayeux, and they may have vaguely applied the name to any Teutons whatever. But, if the Bretons are a British colony, the thing is perfectly plain. They retained in Gaul the same mode of speech to which they were used in Britain. Settlers in Armorica doubtless came from the Cornish Kingdom, rather than from Wales in the modern use of the word. Geography and philology both point to such a belief. Flying before the arms of Cerdic and Ceawlin, they would tell of the terrible Saxon invader, and the name would stick, as it has done in Wales, to the Teutonic inhabitants of Britain of whatever race. These usages of the ballads thus supply a curious confirmation of a fact which seems to us to be fully established without it. The mere name of Britannia as applied to the country, a name certainly not applied to it in Roman time, is almost enough of itself to settle the point. And the migration is not a mere legend; it is distinctly asserted by Eginhard.

Mr. Taylor gives a short sketch of the district of Brittany to which the present poems belong, and of the primitive customs and beliefs which still linger there, and which, as he truly says, "separate its population from that of the rest of France even more distinctly than the Welsh or the Highlanders are separated from the English." Many readers will remember Mr. Church's vivid picture of the same people in the Oxford Essays. Mr. Taylor describes three districts of his genuine Brittany, to the inhabitants of each of which he assigns a distinct local character. The Léonais, the inhabitant of the Léonais, the ancient Bishopric of St. Paul of Leon ("the Lemovicas of the Merovingian sovereigns") "presents the gravest side of the Breton character, and has more in common with the Welsh than with the Irish Celt." The Kernéwote, the inhabitant of the continental Cornwall, especially the Kernéwote of the interior, affords, according to Mr. Taylor, "a parallel to the mingled joyousness and pathos of the Irish temperament." The people of the third district, that of Tréguier, have a character "less rugged and severe" than those of the other districts, "less excitable than that of the Kernéwote of the mountain," something "which, in comparison with the Breton character of other regions, may be called soft, gentle, and submissive." Here it is that the Breton priesthood are mainly educated, and to them Mr. Taylor attributes a great influence over the Breton character and imagination—as much, however, through their songs, to which he attributes the "sentimental element" in Breton poetry, as through the direct exercise of their spiritual functions. His description of the young Breton aspirant to the priesthood is curious and interesting:—

The Klôarek, or seminarist of Tréguier, is generally a young peasant of sixteen or eighteen, who, having shown some vocation for the Church or a turn for books, has been sent by his parents (exulting in the honour of giving a son to the priesthood) to one of the seminaries which stud the Côtes du Nord. His student-life is more like that of the Scottish peasant sent to Glasgow or Edinburgh, St. Andrews or Aberdeen, with the intention of becoming a probationer of the Kirk of Scotland, than anything in England, or than the sharply regulated existence of the ordinary seminarist of Italy or other parts of France. He lives not in a college, but in a garret—often shared with four or five companions of his own class. He ekes out the poor maintenance which his parents can afford him by hewing wood and drawing water, by serving about the inn-yards, and, if he is lucky enough to find pupils, by lessons in reading and writing at ten sous a month! His father or mother on market-day brings the weekly provant of the young clerk—a scanty pittance of black bread, butter, bacon, or potatoes.

The contrast between the rude misery of such a life and its destination to the awful and almost superhuman functions of the priest—the growing sense of culture and intellectual expansion warring with the hard facts of material existence—the separation from home pleasures and village intimacies of both sexes—and the anticipation of a lot which isolates for ever from the delight of love and the happiness of family and fireside-life—are all provocative, according to the nature they work on, of sad and regretful emotion, or of a passionate and mystic asceticism. Both find natural expression in poetry; the regrets in elegy or idyllic song, the piety in canticles and hymns. It is, indeed, the Klôarek who is at once the hero and the poet of most of the Songs, as the Breton songs of the former class are called; and the author of the Buzes or legends of saints, and *Kanaouen* or religious songs, dealing with such subjects as the farewells interchanged between soul and body at death, the horrors of hell, and the joys of heaven—the recital of which makes one of the principal entertainments of the *pardon*. Tréguier, thanks to its Klôarek, is the nursery alike of the elegiac and religious popular poetry of Brittany.

Mr. Taylor's collection, he tells us, includes nothing later than the second half of the fourteenth century, and he pledges himself to their representing, as nearly as English will allow, both the language and the metrical flow of the original. On the ballads themselves he thus comments:—

Such are the leading divisions of the Breton population, among which has grown up, and is still preserved, a richer ballad literature, and a larger stock of popular idyllic and religious poetry, than exists in any part of Europe of the same extent. The national character and local circumstances of the Breton have singularly favoured the preservation and oral transmission of their popular poetry. They have always been a people set apart by blood, language, usages, and feelings, from the rest of France. The fusion of Celtic with the neighbouring nationality, which has effaced almost all traces of the race (except a few words of common use and names of places) in Cumbria, Devon, and Cornwall, and has for centuries been actively at work even in Wales itself, has only begun to operate in Brittany since the Revolution, and at every step has been fiercely resisted. The upholding of national usages, faiths, ceremonies, traditions, and glories, has been ever a religion in Brittany; and for the mass of the people song has been the sole instrument of their preservation. Manners here still retain their antique stamp—often a rude one, but often also beautiful and pathetic. The poetry that wells out of the Celtic nature wherever it is left to itself, has not had its course checked or crossed in Brittany by such influences as the Protestant Methodism of Wales, or the war of religion and races in Ireland. Ballads and canticles that were sung in the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries, are still handed down, by recitation, from father to son, from mother to child, among the peasants, beggars, and wandering "crowders," who have taken the place of the old bards.

One of the most striking of the ballads, to our taste, is the "Plague of Elliant." The event recorded—so at least Mr. Taylor says—dates from the twelfth century. The version, he tells us, is as literal as may be, and retains the metre of the original. These are some awful stanzas:—

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

"The Plague," quoth she, "is on our door-sill;
'Twill enter if it be God's will;
But till it enter bide we still."

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Everywhere will find grass to mow—

Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who slept.

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the graveyard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear:
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walk'd behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shriek'd and call'd on God,
Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load.

"God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine:

"A cord of the wax so long and fine,
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the shrine.

"Nine sons I had; I bare them all;
Now Death has ta'en them, great and small.

"Hath ta'en them all from my own door stone:
None left, e'en to give me to drink—not one!"

It is clear that many of the tales on which the poems are founded belong to that common mythical store which seems fairly to make the round of the world. Or perhaps they rather belong to the common store of human nature, the outpourings of which, in forms varying according to time and place, are sure to be found in all corners of the world. The wife slandered during her husband's absence, the husband or lover who returns and finds his wife or betrothed married to another, are tales which, in one shape or another, we find everywhere. We get both of them, in a characteristically terrible form, in the present collection, in the pieces called "The Clerk of Rohan," and "The Wedding-Girdle." Both of them are connected by Mr. Taylor with historical events having ascertained dates. And there is no reason why they should not be so. Of course it is always possible that the events may have happened as the ballads relate them, though the scientific mythologist will rather be inclined to suspect that here, as in so many other cases, popular tales, perhaps of unmeasured antiquity, have attached themselves to real persons. Others, whether we accept the actual incidents or not, primarily refer to historical persons and historical events, as "The Battle of the Thirty," "Du Guesclin's Vassal," and the one that comes most home to an Englishman, the fine ballad of "Jean of the Flame" (Jannedik Flamm). The heroine of this piece is Joan of Flanders, the valiant wife of John of Montfort, the ally of our Edward the Third. Every one knows the story how the heroic Countess, when her husband was carried prisoner to Paris, appeared with their infant son before the assembly at Rennes, which Mr. Taylor aptly compares to the appeal of Maria Theresa to the Hungarians. The event commemorated in the ballad is somewhat later, at the siege of Hennebont, where she fired the camp of the French candidate for the Duchy, Charles of Blois. The hatred of the "Gaul" in the ballad is something terrible, but honesty will not allow us to conceal that in other

pieces we find equal hatred shown towards the "Saxon." However, here is Jean o' the Flame:—

Jean o' the Flame, I will go bound,
Is the wightest woman that e'er trod ground.
Was never a corner, far or near,
Of the Gaulish camp but the fire was there.
And the wind it broadened, the wind it blew,
Till it lit the black night through and through.
Where tents had been stood ash-heaps grey,
And roasted therein the Gauls they lay.
Burnt to ashes were thousands three,
Only a hundred 'scaped scot free!
Oh! a merry woman was Jean o' the Flame,
When at morn to her bower-window she came,
To see the plain all black and bare,
Grey ashes for pavilions fair;
And wreaths of smoke that curl and creep,
Up out of every small ash-heap.
Jean o' the Flame with a smile she swore,
"By God, was ne'er field burnt so fair!"
"Ne'er saw I field to such profit bren;
Where we had one ear we'll have ten!"
Still true the ancient saw is found,
"Nothing like Gauls' bones for the ground;
Gauls' bones, beat small as small may be,
To make the wheat grow lustier."

The "burning" of the field alludes, Mr. Taylor tells us, to the custom of manuring by paring and burning.

Mr. Taylor tells us that St. Kado, invoked by Du Guesclin's champions in the "Battle of the Thirty," is the same as our St. Chad. How come they to invoke a "Saxon" saint against the "Saxon"? We cannot help hinting, *nostro periculo*, that the Welsh St. Cadoc seems more likely to have something to do with him. Again, in the "Tribute of Nomenoë" we find a distinct "clameur de Harò":—

Loud through the town the cry did go:
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Harò!"

If this be genuine, the common derivation for "Ha Rou" (Hrolf or Rollo) must be given up.

MR. WRIGHT'S HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND GROTESQUE.*

WE know of no scholar, except perhaps Mr. Oswald Cockayne, who is so well qualified as Mr. Wright for the task of writing the early history of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art. The present volume has been expected for some time with much interest, and will be welcomed as a very satisfactory attempt to illustrate a novel and very curious subject. The whole matter, indeed, requires perhaps more than these five hundred closely-printed pages for its full discussion, and it would be easy to point out defects and weak points in the author's treatment of his abundant materials. But we prefer to give a general idea of the more original part of this amusing treatise, with the hope that many of our readers will make a personal acquaintance with its pages. We can promise them considerable entertainment from the spirited woodcuts, by Mr. Fairholt, with which the letter-press is studded throughout.

Mr. Wright finds the earliest examples of comic humour and caricature among the ancient Egyptians. He reminds us of the pictures at Thebes of the excesses of ladies of high rank at banquets of wine, and borrows from Sir Gardner Wilkinson a sketch of the ludicrous catastrophe of the fouling of two boats in a solemn funeral procession; and another representing a doomed soul condemned to return to earth under the form of a pig, conducted by two dog-headed monkeys. Passing over some rather obvious and unnecessary disquisitions on the Greek Comedy, we reach a very funny caricature, from an Etruscan vase, of a lover's visit by night to the window of his mistress, who appears to be giving him a cold reception. Still more curious is a burlesque representation, on a Greek *oxybaphon*, of the arrival of Apollo at Delphi. We are also shown side by side a well-known intaglio representing the rescue by Æneas of Anchises and Ascanius from Troy, and a caricature of the same group under the forms of monkeys. Other Roman grotesques are given which have but little humour. Among the *graffiti*, however, which are here copied, is the famous one found on the Palatine at Rome, representing one Alexamenos worshipping a crucified figure which has the head of an ass. This very curious caricature, which must have been drawn while Rome was still Pagan, is a very early undesigned evidence of Christianity. The inscription, which is very rudely but intelligibly written, is as follows:—ALEXAMENOS CEBETE OEON.

When Mr. Wright passes to the middle ages he is far more at home with his materials. He proves, we think, that the Roman *mimi* were connected by uninterrupted succession with the hired jesters, gleemen, and minstrels of mediæval times. In fact, the parti-coloured dress of the modern harlequin is lineally descended from the *centunculus*, or hundred-patched coat, of the Roman mime. And perhaps his wand is only the *gladius histicus* or *chmaecum* of his far-off predecessor. There is much truth, we are sure, in the following view:—

The period between antiquity and the middle ages was one of such great and general destruction that the gulf between ancient and mediæval art seems to us greater and more abrupt than it really was. The want of monu-

ments, no doubt, prevents our seeing the gradual change of one into the other; but, nevertheless, enough of facts remain to convince us that it was not a sudden change. It is now, indeed, generally understood that the knowledge and practice of the arts and manufactures of the Romans were handed onwards from master to pupil after the Empire had fallen; and this took place especially in the towns, so that the workmanship, which had been declining in character during the later periods of the Empire, only continued in the course of degradation afterwards. Thus, in the first Christian edifices, the builders who were employed, or at least many of them, must have been pagans, and they would follow their old models of ornamentation, introducing the same grotesque figures, the same masks and monstrous faces, and even sometimes the same subjects from the old mythology, to which they had been accustomed.

This subject is pursued at some length, and Mr. Wright illustrates it by a representation of the sculpture on a bracket in the tenth-century church of Mont Majour, near Nismes, of a monstrous head devouring a child, which he explains to be a caricature of Saturn eating his own offspring. The chief objects of caricature among our old English ancestors were the Evil One and the clergy, especially those who were regulars, as distinguished from secular ecclesiastics. Our contemporary, *Punch*, in his caricatures of "Brother Ignatius," is but a successor of the limner of the Cambridge Manuscript Psalter of the tenth century, and of the artist of the early wall-paintings in Winchester Cathedral. We are not quite certain that some of the rude drawings of Scriptural scenes which Mr. Wright has copied from mediæval manuscripts were really meant to be caricatures. They are coarse, exaggerated, and distorted, but we see in them no trace of humour or comic fancy. A chapter on the employment of animals in mediæval satire is not the least entertaining of the series. Here we have the funny sculpture from Christchurch priory-church in Hampshire, which represents a fox, frocked and cowed, preaching demurely from a pulpit. The Vandals of the last century destroyed the still more irreverent painted glass in St. Martin's Church at Leicester, in which a fox was depicted as preaching to a congregation of geese from the text "Testis est mihi Deus, quam cupiam vos omnes visceribus meis!" This precedent may be commended to Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and their numerous modern competitors, as one not exactly suited for imitation in this more decorous age. The sculptured caricatures in Strasburg Cathedral which, after being the subject of angry controversy, were destroyed in 1685, were happily drawn and engraved before their removal. One scene represents the funeral of the fox, who is borne on a bier, shoulder-high, by a goat and a boar, while a hare carries a lighted taper, a wolf the cross, and a bear the holy-water vessel and aspersory. The next scene is still more surprising. This represents the mass for the deceased fox. The stag is officiating at the altar, while the ass reads the gospel from a book, which the cat holds on her head after the fashion of a sub-deacon. The fable of Reynard the Fox afforded, it need not be said, endless subjects for caricature to the mediæval artists. Of the fabliaux of the middle ages Mr. Wright, as the editor of one collection of them, is well qualified to speak. But he observes a judicious reticence as their subject-matter, contenting himself with general references to the proofs contained in these stories of the universal licentiousness of mediæval society. A very curious book might be written on the depravity of manners among all classes in the centuries which have been strangely enough called the Ages of Faith by enthusiastic modern mediævalists. We would refer these gentlemen to Mr. Wright's description of the *goliards* (from *gula*)—as the "fast" men of the University of Paris were called in the twelfth century. Their imaginary patron, Bishop Goliard, became the burlesque representative of the clerical order; and Giraldus Cambrensis (says Mr. Wright) believed this fictitious personage to be a real living contemporary of his own. The name of Walter Mapes, the famous English humorist, is the most familiar to us of all the "Goliardic" versifiers. Many of the parodies sung by these people were profane in the extreme. The examples adduced in the celebrated trial of William Hone, the author of the *Every-Day Book*, were mild and harmless, as our author remarks, in comparison with some of these mediæval travesties of sacred things. For instance, there is a *Missa de Potatoribus*, in which the whole service of the mass, including the Lord's Prayer, is parodied. And an Oxford student was at the pains to parody St. Luke's Gospel, with this beginning:—"Intium fallacis Evangelii secundum Lupum." The wit of these burlesques is generally poor enough, but the fact of their popularity is sufficiently striking. From these satirical compositions political satire, and at a later period political caricature, took their origin. The earliest political satire in English that we are known to possess is a poem written in 1320, of which a copy exists in a manuscript at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. From the account of the Goliards and their literature, the transition is easy to the regular Court fools, and those extraordinary freaks of mediæval humour which we know under the names of the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, and the like. Nearly every Continental town had its company of fools, and our own forefathers delighted in abbots of misrule and unreason. Mr. Wright's description of these saturnalia is almost beyond belief. Speaking of the bishops or popes of fools, who wore pontifical insignia after their election, he says:—

These dignitaries were assisted by an equally burlesque and licentious clergy, who uttered and performed a mixture of follies and impieties during the church-service of the day, which they attended in disguises and masquerade dresses. Some wore masks or had their faces painted, and others were dressed in women's clothing or in ridiculous costumes. On

* *A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With illustrations by F.W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A. London: Virtue. 1865.

entering the choir they danced and sang licentious songs. The deacons and sub-deacons ate black puddings and sausages on the altar while the priest was celebrating; others played at cards or dice under his eyes; and others threw bits of old leather into the censer in order to raise a disagreeable smell. After the mass was ended, the people broke out into all sorts of riotous behaviour in the church, leaping, dancing, and exhibiting themselves in indecent postures, and some went so far as to strip themselves naked, and in this condition they were drawn through the streets with tubs full of ordure and filth, which they threw about at the mob. Every now and then they halted, when they exhibited immodest postures and actions, accompanied with songs and speeches of the same character. Many of the laity took part in the procession, dressed as monks and nuns. These disorders seem to have been carried to their greatest degree of extravagance during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The next subject treated of by Mr. Wright is the Dance of Death; whence he passes on to the several series by Sebastian Brandt and Badius representing the Ship of Fools, the Ship of Foolish Women, and the like, ending with the *Encomium Morie* of Erasmus. We know no other work where this kind of literature is so compendiously described. Here, for example, will be found notices of the burlesques of Brother Rush, Tyll Eulenspiegel, Skelton's "Merie Tales," the Jests of Scogin, and others of the same kind. Thomas Murner, a Franciscan monk of Strasburg, was a humorist and caricaturist on the side against Luther in the great religious controversy of that age; while Hans Sachs of Nuremberg espoused the side of the Reformers. Mr. Wright gives us a considerable number of the popular religious caricatures of the time—such as those of the Pope-ass and the Monk-calf. We do not propose on this occasion to follow the author in the latter half of his volume, in which, after dealing with the *diablerie* of the sixteenth century, the burlesques of Callot and his followers, the Macaronic poetry of the same age, and the literature of Rabelais and Margaret of Navarre, he goes on to discuss the political caricature of modern Europe. Upon the whole, we should have thought it better to keep the purely antiquarian part of the book distinct from the more modern half. It may safely be said that this volume, as containing the well-digested result of extraordinarily varied reading, is of the highest value. It is a work which few living scholars could have produced, and it reflects great honour on the diligent antiquary to whom we owe this important addition to our literature.

THE CRUISE OF THE EVA.*

THIS book is stated to be the result of a suggestion casually thrown out in the columns of the *Field*. The editor of that excellent periodical complained that of the large number of yachtsmen who make interesting excursions into foreign regions very few favour us, on their return, with the results of their experience. Accepting the statement as accurate, it is a touching tribute to the modesty of our amateur marine. There is scarcely a class of travellers of whose adventures we do not have a very sufficient record. Explorers of African geography incur a solemn obligation to describe their minutest observations, and discharge it with exemplary punctuality. Whatever a man has suffered from the insects and other tribes of Bokhara or Central Asia is necessarily interesting in England. Within far narrower limits, wanderings in the United States, or in Norway, or in Switzerland, or even in Wales or on the Lakes, are all sometimes described in print, and each province of travel attracts its own class of readers. Gentlemen who have not accumulated matter enough for an independent work may now club together to swell the volume of Vacation Tourists. Not only every district of the globe, but every motive that impels men to visit it, is represented. Scientific travellers, statistical travellers, travellers who fish or shoot, and even those who travel for the sake of travelling, all have something to say. We certainly are unable to see why yachtsmen alone should remain silent. A book was not long ago written to describe a journey down the Danube in a pair-oared gig, and, though the journey lay through sufficiently trodden districts, its history was far from uninteresting. Those who go down to the sea in somewhat larger vessels, and see the wonders of a greater deep, have certainly a right to be heard. In the Mediterranean or the North Sea, a man with eyes to observe, and who can tell his story well and simply, may find much that will bear repetition. To the large class to whom the mere name of a ship suggests nothing but incessant torture and hopeless depression of spirit, the motives of those who voluntarily venture into the Bay of Biscay are psychologically interesting. We are therefore prepared to welcome any illustrations of life on board a yacht which the initiated may be willing to favour us.

Mr. Kavanagh, the owner of the *Eva*, gives us a record of a cruise in the Mediterranean, for sporting purposes, during the winter of 1862-3. We understand that Mr. Kavanagh labours under natural physical disadvantages which would seem to put all athletic pursuits out of the question. It would be impossible to discover any trace of this fact in his own record of his adventures. He mentions, incidentally, that he has visited places rarely seen by European travellers. Far from confining himself to the usual haunts of the summer flight of tourists, he has plunged into regions where travelling retains some of its old prestige. Starting from Norway, he traversed Russia to the Caspian, and visited the fair of Nijni Novgorod. He passed a day in Asterabad, enclosed in a wooden cage, and "diligently pelted by the hospitable inhabitants with rotten eggs and bad oranges." In Kourdistan, he

found Conolly's prayerbook, and "an interesting Kourd" professed to point out the very tree to which Conolly and Stodart were tied and foully murdered. He succeeded in crossing Persia, though failing in two attempts to get overland from Persia to India. He compares an adventure which happened in Albania to a preceding incident on the track from Bushire to Shiraz, when his luggage, being strapped on to an unlucky mule, struck against a rock and precipitated mule and luggage to the bottom of a tremendous precipice. Shooting wild boars in Albania would be a mere relief after these serious operations. But most people would fancy that shooting wild boars presented difficulties hardly to be overcome by a gentleman without arms or legs. We hope that Mr. Kavanagh will pardon our mentioning a fact to which he never himself alludes, as the knowledge of it certainly tends to increase our interest in his very simple and unpretending narrative.

The coast of Albania, though beyond the common bent, is tolerably well known to sportsmen. Now that we have abandoned the people of Corfu to the pleasures of self-government, the Albanian woodcocks at least will have reason to rejoice in the change. They will not receive the domiciliary visits which they suffered from the English garrison. They will afford all the more sport to those who have zeal enough to follow Mr. Kavanagh, and to encounter the various inconveniences to which Albanian sport is liable. Amongst these inconveniences Mr. Kavanagh seems to give the first place to dogs. Their assistance is absolutely necessary in the thick Albanian covers. You have, consequently, to choose between bringing your own dogs and engaging some of the amiable creatures bred on the spot. Now dogs are amongst the most unsailorlike of animals. In rough weather they are miserable, frightened, and sea-sick. The salt water disagrees with their health, and often produces mange. They are apt to sully the unspotted cleanliness which in a yacht is the virtue next to seaworthiness. Mr. Kavanagh describes with due feeling the horror of his skipper on observing an interesting animal afflicted with the mange, and consequently anointed with a mixture of sulphur, charcoal, and train-oil, lying complacently, a black greasy ball, in the middle of the mainsail. A pig in a flower-bed would not be more out of place. If, to avoid these unpleasant consequences, you trust to the native dog, your preference is apt to be ill-rewarded. He is, it is true, a beast of noble appearance, a match for a wolf, and so highly esteemed in the country that, if you shoot one in self-defence, you run a chance of being shot in retaliation. In fact, as Mr. Kavanagh says that their lives are rated far above a man's, it would probably be as well to shoot his owner first. Their speciality, in a sporting point of view, seems to be a capacity for dealing with wild boars; but unluckily they do not always show that discrimination which might be expected from animals so high in the scale of nature. Besides appropriating the clothes of an English gentleman during his bath, we find them charged with pulling down, on one occasion, a native Albanian. Even when a common hostility to the pig tribe has seduced them into a temporary alliance with man, they are not to be too rashly trusted. The slaughter of the pig is apt to produce in their minds a somewhat exaggerated form of excitement. In one of the boar-hunts recorded in Mr. Kavanagh's volume, an unlucky officer ventured to approach the dead body of a slaughtered pig. The dog in attendance showed an unworthy jealousy, and exhibited it by biting the unfortunate gentleman through the leg. It is some comfort to know, after this, that these formidable brutes share the unreasoning terror with which the dog tribe generally regard a stone. Dogs probably reflect that this is a mode of warfare which nature has not given them the capacity to retaliate.

Provided with his own dogs, and with a formidable battery, consisting of Colonel Hawker's "Brown Bess" (eight feet in the barrel and an inch and a half in the bore), two double-barrelled rifles, five double-barrelled smoothbores, six ship's muskets, twelve Enfield rifles, and sundry carronades, Mr. Kavanagh seems to have been well provided against both game and possible pirates. He and a friend slew a satisfactory number of woodcocks and ducks, besides ten pigs and sundry jackals, and miscellaneous game. The records of his success will doubtless be interesting to any gentlemen in search of a new field for sporting campaigns. We confess to feeling some sympathy with Mrs. Kavanagh, and the ladies who accompanied him. When they had been lying off the coast for eight days, unable to land except on a small rocky island where there was an available sandy bay full enough of bones and bad smells to be christened the jackals' parlour, we do not wonder that they got rather tired of the amusement. Nor was it a pleasant relief to be landed at a Turkish town where all the rising generation were walking about covered with the symptoms of small-pox. In fact, we have a strong impression that, but for its sporting advantages, Albania would require from its visitors a decided passion for geographical or political information. The pleasure, of course, of yachting, whatever it may be, is doubly pleasant in the lovely scenery and soft climate of the Mediterranean. Mr. Kavanagh seems to enjoy it with due enthusiasm. His talk is of sails, and sheets, and nautical apparatus in general, up to the due degree. He complains, with evident feeling, of the coasting steamers which calmly proceed down the crowded channel at night, with the officer of the watch coiled up under lee of the weather bulwark. He duly reviles quarantine and custom-house officers, and rejoices in the Bay of Biscay, and a race with a rival yacht in a Mediterranean gale—the sea covered with foam, and the Sierra Nevada in the distance.

* *The Cruise of the "Eva."* By Arthur Kavanagh. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1865.

The only points which we need criticize are that he introduces rather irrelevant discussions about the cession of the Ionian Islands and Gibraltar, and shows certain other symptoms of being more accustomed to handling a yacht than a pen. The book (which, by the way, is illustrated from some of Mr. Kavanagh's sketches) is, on the whole, a simple and straightforward account of what it professes to describe. It is free from the sins which too easily beset most writers of the smaller order of travels—affectation and slang—and will doubtless interest the class to which it is addressed.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Nottidly, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public are most respectfully informed that the OPERA SEASON of 1865 will commence on Tuesday, March 28.—The Prospectus of the Season's Arrangements will be published in a few days.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, March 13, Herr JOACHIM and Signor PIATTI will make their Third Appearance this Season. The Programme will include Mendelssohn's Quartet in A minor, for Stringed Instruments; Schubert's Trio in B flat, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello; a Quartet by Haydn; and Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, for Piano-forte alone. Violin, Herr JOACHIM; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Piano-forte, Mr. Chas. Hallé. Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Benediet. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Morning Performances on Saturday, March 18 and 25. Violin, Herr JOACHIM; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Piano-forte, Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—At Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

Conductor.—MR. COSTA.

MESSIAH Monday, June 26, 1865.

SELECTION Wednesday, June 28, 1865.

ISRAEL Friday, June 30, 1865.

The Board Room at the Crystal Palace and the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall, will be opened at 10 A.M. precisely, on Monday next, March 13, for the issue of Vouchers securing Seats according to the numbered Plans. Written applications containing Remittances, and arriving at either of the Ticket Offices on or before the first post on Monday, will be attended to alternately with Personal applications.

The Programme may now be had.

By Order.

NOTE.—Persons preferring Seats in any particular Block are recommended to apply for them as early as possible after the opening of the Subscription Books.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—TICKET NOTICE.—Stalls in C and G, or CC, GG, Three Guineas the set, or Twenty-five Shillings each. Stalls in other Blocks, Two Guineas and a Half the set, or One Guinea each. Cheques and Post-office Orders to be made payable to the Order of GEORGE GROVE.

MUSICAL UNION.—Twenty-First Season.—Eight Tuesdays, at Half-past Three, St. James's Hall, after Easter.—Members having Nominations to send Names and Addresses without delay, and to pay their Subscriptions, at the usual Places. Tickets not received to be had at the Institute, where a fine Portrait of MOZART by Pompeo Battoni, Autographs and Prints of Eminent Musicians, are on view from Two to Four o'clock Mondays. JOACHIM, PIATTI, Hallé, and eminent Pianists from the Continent will perform at the Matinees. THE RECORD of 1864, with the Portrait and a Memoir of MARX, has been sent to Members.

Institute, 18 Hanover Square.

J. ELLA, Custodian.

WILL CLOSE SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the Members, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Since till Dusk.—Admission, 1s. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—An EXHIBITION of the WORKS of this eminent Artist, consisting of Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches in Oil and Water Colour, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, from Ten to Five.—Admission, 1s.

WORK, and FIFTY other PAINTINGS, by FORD MADDOX BROWN, will be exhibited on Monday, March 13, at 191 Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s. Annotated Catalogue, 6d. Daily from Nine till Dusk. First Day, open at Twelve.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize; and in addition receives an impression of an important Plate by Lumina. A.E.B.A., from the Picture by W.F. Frith, R.A., "CLAUDE DUVAL." The Prints are now ready for delivery. Subscription closes 31st inst. GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec. 44 West Strand, March 1865.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, W.—Tuition Free in the Classical Division, 15 Guineas per Annum; in the English Division, French included, 9 Guineas; in the Preparatory, 6 Guineas. Boarders at 24s and 22s.—For a Prospectus, apply to the Head-Master.

EDUCATION at EASTBOURNE for YOUNG LADIES.—Belle Vue House, Grand Parade. Principals—the Misses JAMES, who are assisted by Resident Foreign Governesses, and by Eminent Professors. The Year is divided into Three Educational Terms. The ensuing Term commences on April 27. Pupils are charged from Date of Entrance.—Prospectus may be had on application as above.

EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES at GRANDSON, Switzerland.—At this Establishment (founded in 1848), conducted by Madame CHAUTEM (Widow of the late Rev. CHAUTEM), YOUNG LADIES receive a thoroughly careful and Christian Education, with the Comforts of Home. The Climate is healthy and agreeable, and the Residence is surrounded by Gardens and Woodlands for the Recreation of the Pupils, who are in every respect treated as a portion of the Family. The View is extensive, comprehending the Lake of Neuchâtel, the Alps, &c. Board and Instruction (including German), 1200 Francs per Annum; or, with Piano and Drawing, 1400 Francs.—References to the English Chaplain, Rev. J. Basset, Montreal, Switzerland; Miss BRACE, at Mrs. Bournell's, Uplands, Belvedere Park, Upper Norwood; Miss CHAMBERS, Clergy Daughters' School, Great George Street, Bristol.

EDUCATION on the CONTINENT.—The Chaplain of one of the healthiest Towns in Germany, a good Linguist, &c., will have VACANCIES at Easter, about which time he will be in London, to accompany Pupils, &c. German constantly spoken in the Family. Terms, according to Age and Requirements, inclusive. Highest references.—Address, Rev. M.A. OXON, care of Mr. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square.

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THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE EXAMINATIONS.

MR. WREN, M.A. Cambridge, receives TEN RESIDENT PUPILS. The only Two sent up for the last Sandhurst Examination passed 4th and 12th; and the only One for the last Woolwich Examination, 34th.—Wiltshire House, Angell Park, Brixton.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A. Oxon, Vicar of a small Country Parish, has for Eleven Years received in his Family PUPILS from Eight to Fifteen Years of Age. His Boys have been well placed at Eton, Harrow, Halesbury, &c. French by a Parisian Master. TWO VACANCIES at Lady-day. Terms.—Under Twelve, 50 Guineas; over Twelve, 60 Guineas. The Vicarage is a large house, very pleasantly and healthily situated in spacious grounds, near a Station, 14 hour from London.—Address, A. B. C. Slater & Rose's, High Street, Oxford.

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PRIVATE TUTOR (Visiting).—A Gentleman, who has successfully prepared several Candidates for Competitive and other Examinations, can attend to One additional PUPIL (Two Hours every Morning). Excellent references, and reasonable terms.—Address, TOTTEN, 75 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W.

GERMANY.—A GRADUATE (M.A.) of Cambridge, residing at Coblenz on the Rhine, for the Education of his Family, receives a limited number of PRIVATE PUPILS, with the view of acquiring the German and French Languages, with the comforts of an English Home.—References permitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nixon, Bolton Percy, near York, and to the Parents of former Pupils.—Address, B. A. Borton, Esq., Coblenz, Rhine.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, March, 1865.—There will be an ELECTION, in June next, to TWO SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, each tenable as long as the holder shall continue to be a Member of Marlborough College. Competition for these Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age on January 1, 1865, was under Fifteen. Their annual value will be £50 each, and in the case of a successful Candidate not being a Member of the College, a Free Nomination worth £20 will be given. The total expense of Board, Lodging, Medical Attendance, &c., to the holder of these Scholarships, will be—of Clergymen, under £5 per annum; of sons of Laymen, about £20 per annum. At the same time, there will be an Election to TWO JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, tenable for Two Years, or till Election to a Senior Scholarship, each of the annual value of £20, together with Free Nomination as above. Competition for the Junior Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age on January 1, 1865, was under Fourteen.

Further particulars will be supplied on application to Mr. W. P. SELLICK, the College, Marlborough.

A WIDOW LADY of Middle Age, whose Family are provided for, wishes for an Engagement as COMPANION, or READER and AMANUENSIS, to an invalid. The most unexceptionable references can be given.—Address, E.C., care of J. T. Hayes, Bookseller, 5 Lyall Place, Eaton Square, S.W.

PARTNERSHIP.—To Bankers and Others.—A House of some years' standing, principally engaged in Business as Shippers and Shipowners, and having First-class Connections, is open to receive a Gentleman as a PARTNER, with a Capital of not less than £25,000 to £30,000. The incoming Partner's Share would be considerable, as there is at present but one in the House.—Apply in first instance to X. Y. Z., care of W. A. Plunkett, Esq., Solicitor, 24 Milk Street, Chancery, E.C.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY UNION SOCIETY.—Any GRADUATE of the University contributing 10s. to the BUILDING FUND of the above Society will thereby become an ARMY RESEMBLER.—Subscriptions may be sent to the account of the Cambridge Union Society's Building Fund with Messrs. MORTIMER & CO., Cambridge, or with Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE & SMITH, 1 Lombard Street, E.C.; or to the CLERK, at the Society's Rooms, Green Street, Cambridge.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.—The Committee will proceed to ELECT, on or before April 5, FIFTY additional MEMBERS. Gentlemen who have been educated at Charter-house, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, or Winchester are alone eligible.—Apply to the SECRETARY, 17 St. James's Place, S.W.

HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, Brompton, S.W.—Supported by Voluntary Contributions. Two Hundred and Ten Beds are now occupied. Liberal and continuous SUPPORT is REQUIRED to meet the Current Expenses of this Charity.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Secretary.

HENRY DOBBS, Secretary.

GREAT MALVERN.—IMPERIAL HOTEL.—REDUCED TERMS for the WINTER MONTHS are now in Operation.—Tariffs will be forwarded on Application.

MALVERN HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and SANATORIUM. lately Erected by Dr. STUMMER, is now Open for the reception of Patients.—For Prospectus, apply to L. BROWN, M.D., Prescient House, Malvern.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LEECH, M.A., M.D. Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. The Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.

FEMALE COPYISTS' OFFICES, 2 Chichester Rents, Lincoln's Inn.—WRITINGS of every description COPIED, at about half the charges made at other Offices.

LAW.—GREAT SAVING.—ABSTRACTS COPIED at 8d. per Sheet; Abbreviated Copies, 2s. 3d. per 20 Folios; Deeds and full Copies, 3d. per Folio. A Discount of one-fourth for prompt payment reduces the charges to 6d. per Sheet for Abstracts, 1d. per Folio for Draft and Brief Copies, and 1d. per Folio for Deeds and full Copies. Net price of Paper—Foolscap, 1d. per Sheet; Draft, 1d. per Sheet.—ROBERT KERR, Law Stationer, 81 Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTICE of REMOVAL.—WILKINSON & KIDD, Saddlers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have REMOVED their Establishment from the Corner of Park Street, Oxford Street, to 5 Hanover Square, W. (adjoining the Queen's Concert Rooms).

SMITH, BECK, & BECK'S New MERCURIAL MAXIMUM THERMOMETER.—This Instrument cannot be put out of order, and registers the Heat with the greatest accuracy. A Description sent free by post, or to be had on application at 31 Cornhill, E.C.

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